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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

We are aware of the abstruse nature of the proposals on which Lord Courtney has frequently discoursed relative to proportional representation, but we think rational people will be inclining to the view that if the House of Commons is to be unfettered, it should at least be representative of the people as a whole, which it is not at present. In certain parts of the country, owing to industrial conditions, a preponderance of similar political feeling prevails. The human atom is essentially gregarious, the result being that thought proceeds on parallel lines, owing to its constant interchange amongst people living under similar conditions. In other parts of the country, where industries are few and the conditions of life dissimilar, thought is diverse and individual. The natural result arising from such premisses is that a large preponderance of votes cast are in reality wasted. In the county of Surrey at the last General Election there was a wastage of 28,000 Conservative votes, owing to overwhelming majorities throughout the divisions. In the North there was equal wastage in many parts of Radical or Socialist votes. It may be said, of course, that in a rough-and-ready way a balance is struck. We are, however, approaching an epoch in Constitutional evolution which calls for something more exact than any rough-and-ready method. If the hereditary principle is condemned, let us at least be sure that the elective principle is beyond reproach. It is known that it is not so. Over-representation and unequal electorates are admitted evils, which will no doubt receive attention when pyrotechnic displays are exhausted. Whether any Government will be found bold enough to tackle Proportional Representation is an interesting exercise for political intelligences.

"The Machine" is the neat and, we fancy, rather sarcastic title by which Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in a distinctly interesting and thoughtful article in the *Daily Express*, designates the system of government by party. There are times when Mr. Belloc shows himself possessed of remarkable powers of detachment, keen politician though he is; and, setting aside for the moment our differences on political matters, we are free to admit that his observations contain an amount of sound common sense which we can only wish was shared in equal measure by the leaders of his own side. Briefly, his argument resolves itself into a complaint that a man's individuality is lost as soon as he becomes a part of the "machine"; he is a wheel among other wheels, and must move as the power that drives bids him. If he rebels, far from disorganising the mechanism, he is simply neglected, cast out, rendered null. "Really representative views," says Mr. Belloc, "can only be expressed against the whole weight of the Machine—and that not for long." "What the Machine required was that I should vote not as my constituents demanded, but as a group of men called 'leaders,' whom neither the House of Commons nor the party had nominated—who were merely self-appointed—desired or commanded me to vote. . . . Whether my constituents agreed or not, whether such action involved breaking my pledges or not, I was expected to act thus merely because I stood as an official candidate with a part of my opinions and my pledges, corresponding to the plans of that small, self-appointed group which runs the Machine—at a large personal profit. I refused, of course, to have anything to do with such a system."

It will be seen by this that Mr. Belloc is by way of becoming the *enfant terrible* of his party. His remarks are pungent and justifiable; the only objection to them being that he puts forward no remedy for this inevitable merging of personal ideals into the corporate ideal of the chosen side. Indeed, we hardly see what solution can possibly be offered to this problem. Too many individuals, each clamorous for his own point, would result in unimaginable chaos; if ever unity is strength it is so where a nation's government is concerned. How to secure that desideratum of unity with a maximum of consideration for the shades of difference in separate views—there is the problem. It is an urgent problem, too, but our optimism fails to carry us in fancy to the day when a Bill is introduced with the object of working it out. Common sense, meanwhile, would seem to ease the task; but common sense, alas! is anything but common. Mr. Belloc supports by this timely protest the views which from time to time have been expressed in these columns to the effect that under prevailing conditions government by party seems to become less and less suitable to the needs of the country.

The average Londoner, who has suffered the terrors of frost, fog, and rain within two days, must feel rather inclined to envy his very distant ancestors, who, according to Professor Boyd Dawkins, made their appearance in the Pleistocene or Ice Age. Professor Dawkins, in his Huxley Memorial Lecture on Tuesday last, at the theatre of the Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, discussed the question of the first men to inhabit this planet. The river-driftman and the cave-dweller, according to comparatively recent discoveries, seem to have occupied a great part of Europe, and weapons belonging to the Troglodyte are found even in the north of

England. Probably at that period the Channel which now separates us from the Continent was not in existence, so that the cave-man and his fellows could cross over dryshod, unconscious of the fame that was to come to the land beneath their feet—unconscious of the London that was to rise on the banks of that unnamed river in which they fished, on which they floated, by which they possibly scooped out their temporary homes. Our illusions pass as the years go by; here vanishes another of them. In our youth we fondly considered that certain chipped flints and curiously-shaped stones had come under the influence of primitive man; but this view has been rendered untenable, "as it can be proved"—so say the wise men—"that these forms can be, and, indeed, have been, produced by natural agencies." So we sigh, and grow sad at the sight of romance receding; but we brighten up when we remember that "Romance brought up the nine-fifteen," and will probably continue to do so even when the nine-fifteen is an aeroplane.

The romance of travel is always with us. Several enterprising persons are seeking support for the scheme of a great continuous railway to India, and although we fear the headline in a daily contemporary, "Week-ends in India" is unduly optimistic, the thought that in a few years Bombay may be brought within seven days of London gives a thrill. Many travellers, we imagine, to whom speed is not a primary consideration, would be unwilling to miss the passage by a comfortable liner through the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean; others, of course, would suffer the roar of a train for weeks rather than the pangs which are their portion as soon as the sea becomes "lively." In spite of recent advances in what was prematurely termed "the conquest of the air," it does not seem that our methods of progression on the earth's surface are seriously threatened. We live in a kind of Flatland (in more senses than one) and must be content.

The new announcements of the Postmaster-General during the current week are of interest to all who have at heart the promotion of the comity of nations. Instead of the prevailing telephone rate between London and Paris of eight shillings a call, the Coronation year will see a four-shilling call in common use. The number, position, and equipment of wireless telegraph stations are to be taken under consideration, and extensive additions are to be made in order that communication between ships and coast-stations may be facilitated. A minor improvement on the existing state of affairs is an arrangement by which, for a merely nominal fee of a halfpenny, business men may obtain a certificate of the posting of a letter; this, as yet, is only suggested, but it will be welcomed if brought into use. Many other minor matters are being discussed. The tendency is all toward rendering intercourse and access between the human atoms more free; and there is a strong presumption that freedom in this sense makes for cordiality and mutual comprehension. We spoke just now of romance; what could be more astonishing—were we not so accustomed to it—than the casual manner in which we drop a letter into a pillar-box, confident that in a week or less our friend in New York will receive it from the hand of a strange man whom we have never seen? And how rarely do we stop to wonder at the accuracy, the care of many hands, which delivers a packet from the other side of the world at our breakfast-tables, or at the study and skill which enables us to talk with a man in a town a hundred miles off? We become used to these things, and they cease to excite any wonder in us. Some day, possibly, our descendants will look back with surprise upon our "antiquated" methods of dealing with correspondence and interchange of thought; but for the present we should be very well satisfied.

SHADOWS

(From the French.)

The heavens too limpid, far and fine
Above earth's valleys rise;
This longing, faltering hope of mine
Foldeth its wings, and dies.

The heavens are too blue, too deep—
Soaring, I failed and fell;
O soul, who on this day must weep,
Desirest thou full well
That this great sky less bold may seem,
This mighty, shoreless sea!
Desirest shadows, that thy dream
Secure and sheltered be;

Mists, that shall touch thy wearied eyes
With fingers wan, release
Over the heart that open lies
A Sabbath Day of peace.

Shadows to soothe thy quick demands
(Speak tenderly, and rest),
Wherein by sweet, mysterious hands
Thine own are gently pressed;
Shadows where dear forgiveness dwells
(Close, close thy lids, and dream)
From whose constraint the call of bells
As murmured prayers shall seem.

Thou needest shadows, kindly glooms,
Wandering idly, pale,
Spun from the wool of silent looms,
A soundless, sheltering veil. W. L. R.

TOADY-PANDY

In the early Lloyd Georgian days, before dukes were ostracised, the word "toady" was generally applied to a person who was an inveterate hanger-on to people who were eminent by reason of attainments, position, and wealth. The rôle was not a very worthy one. Where the predilection was the outcome of genuine regard and esteem, it was, of course, above reproach. The parasite pure—so to speak—and simple was a frequent mark for epigram or satire. Horace, Martial, and Juvenal took him by turns and rended him freely. Juvenal addressing Trebius lampoons the masked individual freely on the indignities a parasite must endure to sit at table with his patron. It is clear, therefore, that the parasite can claim antiquity of origin, and no doubt the species will endure as long as the world continues.

Like most ancient institutions, the parasite has changed his tendencies; has at least in some cases sought

"Fresh woods and pastures new."

The great ones of the earth are less of patrons than in earlier ages, and ascent in circumstances or in popular estimation is dependent in greater measure on the toady's wits, and in these days on his power of push. These conditions have introduced in many walks of life, and above all in political life, a latter-day form of obsequiousness. In the political world the parasite has not changed his distinctive trait, but he has directed it into new channels.

In the opinion of the demagogue, in so far as his own interests are concerned, his salvation is to be sought in servile adulation of the least instructed class of voter. His method, whether his overture is performed at the Paragon or at an Athenaeum, is the same. His quest is not now to partake of the new white bread of finest flour and delicacies which Virro eats, in place of the black bread and offal

which Virro details for Treblius's refreshment. The quest of the political parasite of the present day is votes.

"Rem facias, honeste si possis,
Si non possis—rem facias."

Well, votes mean money sometimes. Compulsory levies, the addition of an extra cipher to the amount which is the outside monetary value of any man, are cases in point. Votes mean more than that; they mean sometimes the attainment of dizzy heights by political steeplejacks, and they sometimes bring about disastrous falls of inexpert climbers.

The State, of course, is damaged when exuberant ambition for place, power, or distinction leads to parasitic attentions to any one class of voters. We fear that this disadvantage must continue until a better system of government is generally recognised as essential and is established by means which are not now available.

The quest for votes has, however, lately assumed a shape which must meet with general condemnation. The barter has been the sacrifice of law and order, which are the girders supporting the edifice of state. Arguments have been used with the intention of representing, for parasitical purposes, law and order as the enemies of the most necessitous classes of electors, and as the mainstays and props of privilege and capital. Such a view is an absolutely dishonest one. It is a very difficult task unduly to oppress privilege and wealth, for the simple reason that they are mobile. There is no difficulty at all—outside of the maintenance of law—in oppressing to the verge of destruction those whose necessities render them immobile, and bound to accept any conditions which may be violently imposed on them. The criminal law is operative in far greater degree in preserving the safety and freedom of the poor than in protecting the rich, who, under primitive conditions, can protect themselves. This thesis is an obvious fact to those who are entrusted with the administration of justice.

What have we observed lately? A General Election has been in the air, and has now been announced to take place shortly. Riots in Wales and riots in London have occurred. The executive authority has failed to cope with either. The administration of justice in London has been tampered with in a most unjustifiable manner. A magistrate has allowed himself to have the course of duty dictated by an outside official who has not the smallest right or title to interfere with judicial proceedings.

The judicial oath sworn by magistrates contains the following words: "I will do right to all manner of people after the laws and usages of the realm, without fear or favour, affection or ill-will." Is it not gross impertinence on the part of an official eager for votes to invite a magistrate to be false to the oath which he has sworn? Fortunately, there are not many magistrates who would take the word of command from a person who has no right or title to issue it. The magistrate would proceed undisturbed with the discharge of his duty, leaving an obsequious official to stand hat-in-hand on the steps of the Court distributing orders of remission, together, possibly, with "overs" of a manifesto for which there has been no demand.

In London riots are renewed, and Ministers are shamefully and shamelessly attacked.

In Wales pitched battles are fought, with long lists of casualties. Lethal missiles are used, whilst the only really effective force is prohibited from acting. We have seen that a magistrate in London has been dictated to. We have a shrewd suspicion that magistrates in Wales have not been allowed a free hand. Else why has not the Riot Act been read? We will supply the answer. The governing factor has not been humanity, because suffering is prolonged and humanity outraged by the scenes which a palsied hand has failed to restrain. The explanation is easy. A General Election is at hand, and votes must be conciliated.

TOLSTOI'S PHILOSOPHY

It is not every philosopher who possesses the courage requisite to put his precepts and theories into practice, to try their value, as it were, upon the infallible touchstone of the world. Too often the armchair and the study form the bounds of philosophical conceptions, exhortations, and admonitions, and from the tree of leisure drops the ripe fruit of sunny, sheltered hours. True, the eating of this fruit may bring a certain amount of illumination,—the knowledge of good and evil, perchance, with some profitable hints as to the avoidance of the latter; it may add much to the welfare of the people—and this we may presume to be the philosopher's ultimate design. But surely the severest test possible—a test of good-will, good-nature, above all of sincerity—is accomplished when the men of the study come into the street, share the turmoil of their fellows; when the advocate of austerity becomes its exponent, strips his life of accessories of ease and luxury to the verge of a monastic bareness, and is therewith content.

Such a philosopher was Count Tolstoi, over whose death half Europe is now mourning. For many years he had lived almost as a recluse, as far as contact with public affairs was concerned, evolving in all simplicity a theory of existence, and practising it with the utmost rigour. "Domesticity," says the author of a book from which we are privileged to quote,* "with its daily round of joys and cares, had long been accepted by Count Tolstoi as a gracious substitute for all the larger excitements of either war or peace. An orderly, well-conducted routine of living, implying as it did strict attention to the education and general amelioration of the peasants, had seemed for a long time a safe simplification of all the complexities of life." Towards the end, this passion for self-abnegation and simplicity became almost an obsession. It seems a curious recoil from the restlessness and dissipation of early years, the wars and wanderings of youth, this spending of hard days in manual toil, of peaceful evenings in desolately furnished rooms; especially so when we remember that wealth and all that wealth implies awaited Tolstoi's call. In these quiet times his thoughts were busy scrutinising the inexhaustible problems which had passed before him as scenes in a panorama—love, war, death, purity, virtue, vice. "He was to examine life under the microscope as no artist, perhaps, had ever examined it before. He was to reproduce the illusion of a whole lifetime from the infinitely close observation of its last few days. He was to do this with such intensity that one realises the movement of death already in progress long before the last breath."

We have alluded to Tolstoi as an extremist, and there is little doubt that his dogmatic arguments on the subject of religion and morality cost him a considerable number of adherents, or admirers, in this country. Some of the pages of his "Essays and Letters" (1888-1903) are sweeping indictments of foibles such as hardly merited the fusillade of so energetic a battery—smoking, the eating of meat, the killing of animals, and so on. "One may observe in the case of almost every smoker," he writes, "to what an extent smoking drowns the voice of conscience." Readers of "An Afterword to 'The Kreutzer Sonata'" will remember to what lengths the author goes in his advocacy of complete chastity. "Only if we were sure all existing children were provided for could a Christian enter upon marriage without being conscious of a moral fall." And in "The First Step," a plea for vegetarianism, we are compelled to believe, for charity's sake, that the point of view is sadly distorted. "If we could look into the hearts of the majority of people," he asks, "what should we find they most desire? Appetite for breakfast and dinner. What is the severest punishment from infancy upwards? To be put on bread and water. What artisans get the highest wages? Cooks." "Patriotism," we discover, "as a feeling is bad and harmful, and as a doctrine is stupid."

* "Two Russian Reformers." By J. A. T. Lloyd. (Stanley Paul and Co.)

It is pleasanter to turn from these perversions of theories which in moderation may be harmless enough, to the really fine work that Tolstoi accomplished—work which will stand, and which has been recognised and acclaimed among nations whose language and customs are at variance with his own. The great novels, strong and simple with an almost brutal strength and simplicity—who that has read them can forget their fascination? In "Resurrection" a message of hope calls to mankind like the sound of a bell-buoy through the dark over a stormy sea—hope mingled with warning. Into these books many of Tolstoi's personal experiences are woven, as all the world knows; the man who went through the Crimean campaign, whose youth was surrounded by gaiety and luxury, whose age was compact of thought, had cause to know both sides of the shield. Of "War and Peace" it was said that the book was "not so much life-like as life itself." His style was far removed from obscurity—the distinguishing quality of most writers on the ever-new problems; Tolstoi's every sentence is perfectly easy to comprehend, and the deeper he probes into our relations with humanity, or humanity's relations with the infinite, the more clear do his words become.

His sudden departure from his home in the wintry night, but a few days ago, with the purpose strong in him of retiring still more completely from the distractions even of family life, seems to betoken a brain overstrung, a mind overburdened with brooding thoughts. It resulted in his death, and, in spite of his extreme views on many things, the world is the poorer for his loss. Questions of life and death and conduct trouble him no more; his religion—"the relation man sets up between himself and the endless and infinite universe," as assisted by the teaching of Christ, "the one teaching that can guide mankind"—has sufficed for him to the end, and he who pleaded so eloquently for peace is now at rest.

GERMANY AS SHE IS—III

In the last article of this series, the historical development of political parties in Germany was briefly considered; in the present it is proposed to complete the description, and to study some general aspects of modern Germany.

The last programme issued by the Social Democratic party was that of 1891, in which were advocated the transference of property in land, mines, raw material, tools, machines, and methods of communication, from the capitalist to society in general, and further the communisation of all production. As may easily be observed, this is rather the statement of a general philosophical doctrine than a practical programme. Since 1891 the party has been too wise to publish a further battle-cry. As they were in opposition, they have no need for clearly defined plans, and are free to avail themselves of any modifications which the exigencies of the age may exact. The above statement of policy created a great sensation at the time of its publication, but has by now been almost forgotten. When the Socialists issued their manifesto in 1891, they were merely uttering a cry for the union of society in the interests of the working classes. But since that date society in Germany has become thoroughly *unionised*, and that without the help of the Social Democrats. They proposed to weaken the position of the middle classes by means of the union of the workers; but the middle classes have forestalled them, and are themselves nowadays highly organised. The joint stock company is nothing more or less than a union of capitalists for the purposes of production. The great cartels, or trusts, are merely the union of independent branches of the same industry. The facilities which are nowadays held out to the working classes of becoming modest shareholders in the industries in which they work is tending to bring the worker into closer touch with the capitalist. But there exists still a clearly-defined dividing line between the capitalistic unions, if we may use the

term, on the one hand, and the workmen's or trades' unions on the other.

The Liberal party's programme of 1894 advocated the maintenance of the existing social order, and the betterment of the working classes by means of free associations, but strongly denounced State Socialism. State Socialism was regarded at the time as a Conservative and Reactionary system. Since that date, however, all parties have realised that the Government must be called in as an ally in the fight for the more even distribution of wealth.

One result of modern development has been the almost complete destruction of the individual. The individual entrepreneur is being absorbed by the great capitalists, and the individual worker has become a unit in a trades union. Whether human nature is capable of indefinitely supporting the suppression of all individuality remains to be seen.

Already in England a spirit of revolt exists among the members of unions, as manifested by the numerous unauthorised strikes. The German, however, is more suited by nature to take his place as a unit in the social hierarchy than his British cousin. He does not possess the same freedom of character and initiative. He is rather a highly finished part of the social machine. His efficiency is unquestionable, his knowledge astonishing, and he has a remarkable capacity for work; further, he is faithful and honest, but he lacks that Promethean fire which makes an "individual." The spirit which drove Englishmen to plant the seeds of their race in the remote places of the earth is unfamiliar to him. But life nowadays has become so technical, and the expansion of science and industry so enormous, that there remains ever less and less scope for the adventurous spirit. It seems indeed as if that which English enterprise initiated German organisation will absorb. The same suppression of individuality is to be seen in the Army; but here, again, warfare has become so highly technical that it may be argued perhaps that it is desirable that the individual should be content and able to play his part as a minute particle of the great War machine.

The German is essentially honest, painstaking, and a lover of order, and the success of State and Municipal enterprise in the Empire is largely to be attributed to these qualities. The Railway system of the Empire is in the hands of the respective States, and is highly efficient. It is conducted on lines which confer the maximum of benefit on industry without involving a deficit. As a further example, in Munich, the State controls a large brewery, by means of which beer, that postulate of German existence, is supplied to the people at a reduced cost.

We have already seen in a previous article how Bismarck, in alliance with the Conservatives, built up the protective tariff wall. The South German States are now forced to import considerable supplies of meat from France. The population of Germany in 1870 was under thirty millions; in 1910 it is some sixty-four millions, and continues to grow rapidly. The productivity of the land has not kept pace with this colossal increase, and the Empire is now, to a large extent, dependent on foreign imports for its supply of food. This is an important factor in the consideration of the military position of Germany in Europe, and is one reason for the necessity of a close alliance with Austria-Hungary, in order to keep in touch with the great wheat fields of the latter country.

At present there exists little feeling against England among the majority of the German race. The people are well educated enough to form a pretty accurate idea of Foreign politics, and a war undertaken heedlessly and purely for the sake of aggrandisement would prove extremely unpopular. On the other hand, Germans feel no particular affection for Britain, and if the material interests of Germany really justified a war with us, then no doubt the people would enthusiastically support the Government. A few years ago England was extremely unpopular in Germany. This hatred arose partly from ignorance of our motives and customs, and partly from fear of our overpowering naval strength. Since then the Teuton has got

to know his Anglo-Saxon cousin better, and the English Press, by its continual reiteration of the helplessness of England in face of a German invasion, has practically removed all fear of our power. Nothing has done more to lower the prestige of England on the Continent than the daily cry of alarm which is uttered by certain journalists.

It is hoped that in this series of articles some service may be rendered to the cause of international peace by throwing impartial, if imperfect, light on the intellectual and political character of the German race.

S. A. B.

Munich, November 18.

REVIEWS

LORD ROSEBERRY'S LIFE OF CHATHAM

Chatham: His Early Life and Connections. By LORD ROSEBERRY. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 12s. net.)

George II. and His Ministers. By REGINALD LUCAS. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 12s. net.)

TIME passes, or, as Maeterlinck suggests, we pass onward through time, and events and persons which once came well within our view recede into the distance, to be grouped under the name of history. As in a journey each landmark approaches, looms, and shrinks to a blur on the field of vision, its detail imperceptible save by the aid of cunningly arranged lenses, so on our voyage through the years objects and persons of intense interest lose their perspective importance; we seem at times even to be gazing through the wrong end of the telescope, so overwhelmed are they by the dominating present. The clever biographer or historian—it is difficult to separate the two—swings the telescope round for us, adjusts the focus, and bids us remark those wonderful ways by which we or our forefathers travelled, bids us pause, consider, compare, and discuss; he puts us, as it were, under a spell, so that we scrutinise eagerly in his magic glass the things which we had thought for ever far away.

Readers of Lord Rosebery's former works know him for one of the finest of these wizards of the pen, and in this masterly study of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, his skill and clear-sightedness are again in strong evidence. This is the more notable in that the life of a man so supremely affected, so given to posing before his audiences, and one of whose more sociable and private moods we know so little, is not easily brought into line with ordinary human experience. "It is easy," says Lord Rosebery, "to record his course as a statesman, his speeches, his triumphs, his achievements; and these narratives will be called biographies. But will they ever reveal the man? . . . The life of a man is not his public life, which is always alloyed with some necessary diplomacy, and which is sometimes only a mask; it is made up of a thousand touches, a multitude of lights and shadows, most of which are invisible behind the austere presentment of state-craft." Since, then, our store of information regarding Chatham is so scanty, his portrait must inevitably be imperfect; but in this book we have several hitherto unpublished items of his career, and, what is especially helpful, the acute brain of a tireless student to regulate the focus to a nicety on behalf of those who wish to peer back into those stirring times.

Pitt came of an irascible and excitable stock; his grandfather, "Governor Pitt" of Fort St. George, wrote letters

which were full of harsh sayings and severe admonitions; his father, Robert, as violent but less able, disappears "spluttering and scolding" in 1727; so we are led in the introductory chapter in an illuminating manner to consider the complex character of the man who was to become the most fearless orator and the most influential war minister of his century. At Eton Pitt seems to have distinguished himself fairly well, though few accurate records are to be found. "Self-revelation was not the fashion of the eighteenth century, and childhood then furnished less to record. Boys were in the background, repressing their emotions, inured to a rugged discipline which, though odious to the sympathetic delicacy of modern civilisation, produced the men who made the Empire." Thence he went to Oxford, where the extravagance of his washing bill surprised his father. His life-long enemy, the gout, forbade a long stay there, and he proceeded on the customary foreign tour which was then an indispensable portion of a youth's education. At Besançon he fell in love, and writes to his sister from Marseilles:—

Je viens de quitter Besançon avec infinité de regrets : voulez-vous que je me confesse à vous ? J'y avois un plus fort attachement que je ne croiois, avant que de me Trouver sur le Point de partir : tant il est vrai que l'on ne sent jamais si bien le prix d'une chose que lorsque il la faut perdre.

This passion was soon over—six weeks after, the fair one of Besançon was lost in oblivion; in 1734 he was back in England and filling his position as cornet of dragoons. He seems to have had a narrow escape of becoming a soldier, but, as Lord Rosebery observes, "his destiny was to plan and not to conduct campaigns, and he was now to be caught in the jealous embrace of Parliamentary polities." Before proceeding to delineate the more strenuous years of his hero, however, Lord Rosebery gives what amounts practically to a condensed biography of Ann Pitt, from which, if space availed, we should like to have quoted some charming letters. Imagine Pitt, for instance, playing cricket, with Pope, perhaps, as umpire! Such a lengthy digression is not wanted, for the episode of this comradeship is invaluable to the student of Pitt's career. "It lights up the only expressed tenderness in his life, it is the one relief to his sombre nature, it is the sole record that we have of the unbending of that grim and stately figure."

Pitt's political life began on February 18, 1735, when he was returned as member for Old Sarum, and we imagine that some of our candidates to-day would be sincerely grateful for so easily gained a seat. Walpole was then the central figure, and the author's sketch of him is extremely interesting. He was primarily a man of business:—

His merciless crushing of any rivals was simply the big, firm crushing competition, a familiar feature of commerce. His carrying on a war against Spain, in spite of his own conscientious disapproval, can only be satisfactorily explained on the same hypothesis. The nation would have war: well, if it must, he could carry it on more cheaply, and limit its mischief more effectually than any other contractor.

Walpole showed his displeasure at Pitt's first speech by depriving him of his commission—a summary and, to our way of thinking, petty act, which only made the young politician a centre of talk. His second speech, concerning the question of the Prince of Wales's income, marked a distinct step forward in publicity, and from that time Pitt was secure of his position as an orator. "Our ancestors," comments the author, "did not wage their political warfare with the sweetmeats or roses of a carnival contest," and Pitt availed himself of his first great opportunity with terrible effect. It was on the occasion of the motion for a committee of inquiry into the administration of Sir Robert Walpole. In this flight of rhetoric, of which we have no full reports, he annoyed the King by every possible allusion, and on December 10, 1742, his sarcasms upon the

disposition of the Hanoverian troops were cutting. "Conceive the position," says Lord Rosebery:—

On the one side a King, born and bred in Hanover, to whom the honour and welfare of Hanover and the Hanoverians were everything, whose paradise was Hanover, who counted the days to his annual visit to Hanover as a schoolboy counts the days to his holidays, who held Hanover as his own absolute monarchy and property as compared with the limited interest and power of the British throne; a King, moreover, courted by all, whose favour was necessary for the obtaining of office; accustomed to unstinted adulation and homage. On the other, this young jackanapes, an official in the court of his detested son, declaiming against him with every art of the actor and rhetorician, with every power of voice and eye, holding him and his Hanover up to every kind of ridicule and contempt, before an audience mainly of place-hunters and place-holders, half trembling, half chuckling as the philippic proceeded.

Yet this "young jackanapes" had his grip on destiny, and was to be known as one of the makers of England.

For the better comprehension of some of Pitt's later speeches, Lord Rosebery gives a succinct account of the turbulent state of Europe at this period—of "that complicated series of wars which lasted some ten years, and passes all power of the ordinary human intellect," as Leslie Stephen said, "to understand or remember." This we must pass by, and come to Pitt's advance to the office of Paymaster-General in 1746. Every student knows how he refused to take advantage of the enormous perquisites attaching to this position, and the author points out that Pitt took care that his self-denial should be widely known. The Vice-Treasurership of Ireland fell to him at the age of thirty-eight—a subordinate post, but, as we have it graphically expressed, "he merely retired behind a screen in order to change his dress." His fullest powers had not yet been shown. Here follows the time of those flights of invective and triumphs of declamation which have placed Pitt's name at the height of oratorical celebrity. From Lord Rosebery's descriptions of these veritable battles of language we should like to quote pages; but we must conclude our appreciation of this finely conceived and finely written work. Joseph Almon, in his quaint "Anecdotes of the Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham," published in 1791, wrote: "It should be remembered that those persons who are in possession of the best and most authentic materials of history, are usually persons of fashion and rank; and one of these very rarely sits down to the laborious work of writing a volume." The author admirably falsifies this dogmatic statement of the old historian. Others, too, have written of these things—Chesterfield, Macaulay, the mild Francis Thackeray, and now to the list comes a book which will form for them a worthy companion. We hope to see in due time the companion-work from the same pen which shall carry the story of Pitt to its finish.

GEORGE II. AND HIS MINISTERS.

From Mr. Reginald Lucas, in the final chapter of his book, comes the account of Pitt's later years, although strictly speaking they are not within the bounds of his subject; he does it for the sake of its fascination, and he was wise. The greater portion of his work, however, is devoted to those ministers who were often connected with Pitt either in friendship or antagonism, so that of necessity the biography previously considered and this series of sketches overlap slightly. This community of theme is an advantage rather than a drawback; the two volumes should be read in sequence, for the better understanding of the period and its eminent parliamentary personages, its stormy incidents, its undoubted influence on the formation of English affairs even of the present day. The opening chapter, on George II., is somewhat in defence of that peculiar monarch, but it is difficult to feel much sympathy with him. "He was neither excellent nor contemptible," writes Mr. Lucas, "but his mediocrity was redeemed by the fact that he was served by the greatest peace minister and the greatest war minister that ever lived in England":—

To have had his domestic policy managed by Walpole and his war policy afterwards conducted by the elder Pitt was a rare combination of luck and profit that rendered his reign, if not always glorious, at all events memorable and full of interest. He was enabled to take his place in history unashamed.

We are apt, at this distance of time, to forget the manners of the period, and the author reminds us that "it was a matter of course for men of the highest position to get drunk together, and it was not scandalous if they were seen tipsy in society. There was looseness of speech amounting to libertinism; women and maidens heard and said things which would astonish the most callous of our generation." Such glimpses of men and manners are illuminating. The Budgets of that day, too, make curious reading; "the Navy and Army both" (we presume "each" is here intended) "cost about £2,000,000"—roughly, the cost of a couple of our modern battleships with, perhaps, a torpedo-boat or two! This was in 1743, the year of Dettingen. In 1746 the expenses were running up at a furious rate—the Navy cost £3,800,000, the Army £2,300,000. In his picture of the times the author is most successful, and bearing it in mind we can follow with him the fortunes of those men who assisted or hindered the King in his peculiar "government" of this troubled island. Carteret comes first, the diplomat who went to Sweden as Ambassador on a delicate mission at the age of twenty-nine, and succeeded in the face of formidable difficulties; who dealt so tactfully with Ireland in the matter of "Wood's Halfpence," into which target of excitement Swift shot his shafts of wit and sarcasm; and who "dazzled as he passed," but could not bear a close and continuous inspection. Of Walpole we have already spoken; the study of him here presented is excellent.

To many curious readers the third name, Chesterfield, will prove most attractive. Certainly, though the section devoted to that storehouse of all the easy-going virtues and apostle of the Graces is the shortest, it is also one of the most interesting in the book. Expatiating on the famous "Letters," Mr. Lucas quotes many of the maxims which must so have distracted the recipient—if he paid any attention to them; and we may give one paragraph in illustration of the author's ideas on the subject. It will be seen that he has no hackneyed outlook:—

The boy was to be made perfect, to fulfil the ideal of an extravagant fancy. It is often represented that this scheme was the outcome of unselfish love; that all the tenderness of a worldly nature was lavished on one idol; that out of the profusion of his own store Chesterfield yielded everything in the service of his darling boy. It would be nearer the truth to say that pride induced him to try and force out of inadequate material the fulfilment of his darling dreams. His imagination fashioned a consummate being, a scholar, a courtier, a wit, a dandy, a statesman, a diplomatist, the glass of fashion, the embodiment of all the talents and all the graces. Unhappily, his pupil was a lout.

The next chapter is on the Pelhams—the Duke of Newcastle and his younger brother—and shows the same gifts of clever analysis and keen perception which we have previously noted. With the chapter on Pitt the book comes to a fitting conclusion.

For these two polished and critical biographies we are grateful to the authors, and, perhaps, it will not be out of place to add a word of appreciation to Mr. A. L. Humphreys, who, on the comparatively rare occasions when we find him in the ranks of the publishers, can be relied upon to give the reading world something tasteful and well worth remembering. In both of the volumes fresh lights are thrown upon the period with which they deal, and, to return to the metaphor with which we began this review, the authors have both proved themselves once more possessed of that delightful and enviable power which can bring near to us, as in a magic glass, times, places, and persons of years that are hidden by the darkening atmosphere of time.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

POETRY AND VERSE.—I.

The New Inferno. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. (John Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)

Pietro of Siena. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Wild Fruit. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

Poems and Ballads. By HENRY DE VERE STACPOOLE. (John Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)

We had almost thought that the days when "Paolo and Francesca" and "Ulysses" thrilled us were never to return, but, in a sense, they are with us again. It is with great pleasure that we find Mr. Stephen Phillips once more to the front with good work. This time, it is true, he is in a new vein; occasionally it is difficult to believe that we have not mistaken our author—as a moralist he is somewhat startling; but "The New Inferno" is none the less sterling poetry.

The great difference between the earlier poems and the contents of these two books lies in the absence of those highly coloured passages which at one time were so characteristic of the author's work. Here we have no "odorous amorous isle of violets":—

That leans all leaves into the glassy deep,
With brooding music over noon tide moss,
And low dirge of the lily-swinging bee.

There is nothing to compare in ornate, decorative language with the speech of Ulysses, confessing himself still under the spell of Calypso's dreamy witchery; but, beautiful though much of this writing undoubtedly was, we think that in his calm, intense portrayal of the spacious world of spirits, Mr. Phillips has gained in power. He imagines himself led by a celestial guide above the regions of earth, and conceives that "the evil that men do lives after them" in a very real manner. He sees Napoleon, "reviewing ghostly armies in the snow," amid a frozen world, where God has "mislaid the secret of the flower." The crowd of women whom he has deprived of husbands, fathers, sons, presses on Napoleon:—

A storm of hands, a tempest of wild arms,
Invoking from above the Eternal wrath,
All in a silence worse than any cry.

The idea of ultimate redemption runs through the whole of the argument. The visitor inquires of his guide:—

"O shall this desolate winter of the soul
For aye endure; and must ambition here
Spend everlasting years in endless ice,
Though self-created? Is no limit set?"

He answered: "Not for ever shall this snow
Hold him. At last the human tenderness,
Or the world-pity to his brain shall steal,
And all the numb Inferno shall dissolve."

"Why then," I said, "doth not Omnipotence
Suddenly strike a warmth into his heart,
And, intervening, end his world of ice,
Release the mighty prisoner from himself?"

"The slow Benignity that upward draws us,"
He answered, "intervenes and hastens not;
A dreadful leisure is permitted us,
An endless leave to shun felicity."

So it is with others in still torment; there shines a glimmer of hope. Mr. Phillips sees the flaw in his reasoning when he makes the living urged by spirits of the dead to deeds of evil, and his visitor asks pertinently:—

How do I sin, if one within me sins,
Using my body for remembered guilt?

This problem, which is in the nature of a "poser," the guide evades:—

Little more light as yet have I than thou;
Aeons alone this question shall resolve.

There is one lovely passage in which a woman speaks reminiscently, where we catch an echo of the rich imagery of the older poems; we give one stanza from it:—

And trees are there which lull to a perfect sleep,
And seas with silent foam from fairy land,
And birds that reconciled us unto God
When dawns were ghostly and when moons were low.

With this poem Mr. Phillips enters the ranks of the philosophers; his subject is great, but he is equal to it, and the treatment provokes thought instead of merely pleasing us with its beauty. His other new volume, "Pietro of Siena," a blank-verse play, we cannot praise so highly; the plot is good, but the action is so hurried that it conveys an impression of unreality. Luigi is under sentence of death; Pietro, the conqueror, desires Luigi's sister; the price of her surrender is to be her brother's release. That Pietro should change in the space of an hour or so from a villain to a true lover is not made plausible. As to the actual writing, it is, of course, full of poetry and fine feeling; but, setting a different standard by his "New Inferno," Mr. Phillips can hardly be said to have shown us his best in this little play.

Whether he be grave or gay, Mr. Eden Phillpotts is irresistible, and his "Wild Fruit" is very much to our taste. He begins, as is only to be expected, with some verses inspired by the bonniest of the Western Counties, and his management of the dialect is excellent; no one familiar with Devon and its characters could help a smile and a chuckle of appreciation over the stanzas entitled "Us." We may give the first and last:—

"Us was sitting on a gate—me an' her—
In a very coorios state—me an' her.
When the moon beganne to shine
I took both her hands in mine!
We was going of it fine—me an' her. . . .
"Back along us slowly went—me an' her.
Feeling very well content—me an' her.
Come her evening out 'tis plain
Us shall do as I ordain:
Sit 'pon thicky gate again—me an' her."

"The Legend of Dart" is daintily treated; but why does not Mr. Phillpotts celebrate the Tamar, which rivals the Dart in beauty; or the Lyd, with its story of Kitt's Fall? Nobody could do it better, we feel sure.

The true poet, however, has a wider sphere than the county he loves, and the greater portion of this volume has for its theme the thoughts and emotions which have found lyrical expression ever since poets sang their primal songs. Ever and again we are startled by the aptness of an image or the grace of a phrase: "The mottled ermines of the melting snow," for instance, is exquisitely descriptive and true; "As music sleeps within the silent bells" is another line that thrills the reader gently. We like the rather neat reproof addressed "To Mr. William Watson, who flouted science," concluding:—

Remember that these unchivalric stings
Without forgiving Science had no wings;
Sneer not again; flout nevermore her rôle:
She wafts your noble songs from pole to pole.

The "Scythe-Bearer"—the East Wind—is perhaps the finest of the longer poems; it contains passages which we have read again and again for our own pleasure—a pleasure which our readers ought to share, were it not that copious quotation takes up much space and is hardly just to the author. One short example from this poem must suffice:—

No cup of ivory or tigred gold
Opens for thy parched lips; no pearly rose
Uplifts her mouth to give a kiss to thee;
Each infant leaf doth fearful hug his twin
Upon thy advent; not one little bud
But prays for thy departure ere it opes
Bright innocent eyes upon the breast of Spring.
For thou art but a type and form of truth;
And Truth shall commonly discover here
The self-same frosty welcome kept for thee.

There are very few faults in Mr. Phillpotts' work to lessen the pleasure of praise. To use the pronouns "you" and "thee" (page 56) in the same phrase seems a pity; "phlegethon" is doubtless an expressive word, but hardly musical enough for the poem in which it is employed, and not all readers will be expert in the tracing of so classical an allusion. We note that Mr. Phillpotts is fond of the alexandrine as a concluding verse, and uses it often with fine effect. All who appreciate distinguished writing should make a point of seeing this delightful book, and, if we mistake not, they will find for it a corner on the shelf within easy reach from their armchairs.

That Mr. Henry de Vere Stacpoole was a poet at heart no discriminating reader of his novels could have doubted for a moment, and it is pleasant to welcome in book form the verses which at various times he has been moved to write. We say "verses" advisedly, for though there are several good poems, and one or two really fine ones, in this collection, they are somewhat overshadowed by examples of rather indifferent rhyming. In many instances we are bound to note that a little more care in composition would have made a great difference. On a number of pages the reader has to ride cautiously over an awkward sequence of consonants, to stumble at alliterative obstacles, or to wince at the feats of sibilation required of him—"By what strange star do swallows steer?" is an example of the last blemish. Again, "The sight seems seen from summer strands"; "And the silence resumes its lost sway"; "At this strange form far from faultless"; "Such as that far flag flings," are all difficult verses for the tongue. When Mr. Stacpoole avoids these misdemeanours he often produces stanzas which are lyrical and delightful. "The Wood of Hemlock" must give pleasure to the most critical reader; we quote its opening stanzas:—

Out from the hemlock wood I came
Into no country of the world;
My steed a hoof of crescent flame
Struck without sound on sward empearled
With flowers, so still they seemed to be
The flowers that bloomed beneath a sea. . . .

Gazing from out a casement old,
A lady drew mine eyes to her.
Her hair was like ripe corn for gold;
A little cloak of fox's fur
Covered her shoulders, whilst her eyes
Were fixed upon the far-off skies
Whose wizard blue no wing might stir.

Occasionally we find exquisite appositions of vowels and consonants which seem to prove that the author could show us much better poetry than this volume contains, if he wished; "Lulling the hyacinths with drowsy rhyme," for instance, could hardly be improved as a poetic verse, regarded merely from the technical standpoint. Mr. Stacpoole sings of the sea, and of "battles long ago," very charmingly; the "Ballad of the Victory" and "Cavaliers" are true poems of action and enthusiasm. With one more quotation we must close; entitled "The Skull," it gives the reader quite a thrill:—

Warm arms to a breast
Once my beauty did fold,
Once truly at rest
Did I lie.
Though ye shudder who scan
Me upturned from the mould,
I was loved by a man—
Even I.

We shall consider a few more volumes of verse in a concluding article next week.

AN APOSTLE OF LIBERTY

The Household of the Lafayettes. By EDITH SICHEL. Third Edition. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)

NEVER, while history is read and man takes an interest in his fellow-man, will the story of the French Revolution lose its terrible fascination. "An explosion," Carlyle termed it—"the explosive, confused return of mankind to Reality and Fact, now that they were perishing of Semblance and Sham"; but the causes which culminated in that national upheaval had been working slowly and subtly for years. France—or rather Paris, which was then the heart of France in a more definite sense than it is in these later days of rapid communication—contained the most extraordinary mixture of fantastic virtue and exaggerated vice that any civilised country can ever have known; the idea of liberty was worshipped as a god. "The youth of France," says Mrs. Sichel in her vivid introduction, "dreamed they had drunk of a golden cup, and they were intoxicated. Any cause that presented itself in the name of Freedom was welcomed by them with acclamation, and without inquiry, whether it was emancipation from slavery or from the marriage laws, restitution of civil rights to the Protestants, or destruction of the altars of the Church." Mesmer, half physician, half quack, took Paris by storm; the leaders of society, hysterical and excited, tried each new fad that presented itself, were ready alike for prophet or impostor, for frivolity or asceticism, for the voluntary or the monastic. Naturally, the morbid side of the Ancien Régime has been emphasised, perhaps unduly, by many writers; "the evil that men do lives after them," and one of the chief services which Mrs. Sichel has rendered in her excellent book is the indication of the opposite aspect—the selection of many honoured names whose owners lived finely and sanely amid a veritable chaos of conflicting opinions and unprecedented theories. "The lurid exceptions in human history are easiest to remember," she wisely observes; "its unobtrusive normal side slips out of sight."

The Revolution gathered round it men of all descriptions, of the most divergent powers and beliefs—Mirabeau, Talleyrand, Robespierre, Danton—the list might fill half a column; but undoubtedly one of the characters which best repay a close study is Lafayette, the tenacious, high-souled apostle of liberty whom Mrs. Sichel has chosen for the theme of her biography. Always brave, generous, single-hearted, but not always judicious, he schemed for the welfare of humanity in his own keen, warlike way from the time when as an eager youth he crossed the Atlantic to "help the Americans fight for freedom" to the time when, his troubles ended, he settled with great-grandchildren at his knee in the France he loved so thoroughly. Madame de Staël averred that as long as he lived she had hopes for the human race—hyperbolic language which had, however, a certain basis of truth.

With his adventures in America began a career which abounded in alarms and excursions. He landed in Carolina, proceeded to Philadelphia, and persuaded Congress to make him a Major-General in the army. Here he met George Washington, who became his firm friend, and we have an admirable digression upon the character of Washington. As the author truly remarks, we are apt to look upon him "rather as a national institution than as a man"; but in Lafayette's letters to his devoted wife he brings out the human aspect of the great leader:

"This noble man, whose gifts and goodness I admire, whom the more I know the more I revere, wishes to be my intimate friend. His tender interest in me has thoroughly won my heart. I am established in his house; we live like two closely united brothers, in mutual intimacy and confidence. . . . When he sent me his First Surgeon, he told him to look after me as if I were his son, because he loved me like one. When he heard that I wanted to rejoin the Army too early, he wrote me a letter full of tenderness, and implored me to make a good recovery first."

His native land, however, claimed Lafayette's most strenuous years. It is impossible not to feel a thrill of

sympathy with this enthusiast, his fine nature harassed in the turmoil of those clamorous times that centred in the last decade of the eighteenth century. His unhappy position, between the two fires of Royalists and Republicans, is lucidly explained. The Jacobins distrusted him; the Royalists disliked him; a man who simply endeavoured to do what he considered right was in a predicament unenviable indeed. "If I had more ambition than morality," he wrote to Adrienne after his arrest, "I could lead a life very different from this one; but between crime and me there will never be anything in common. I was the last man who defended the Constitution to which we had plighted our troth." France, however, was seething too fiercely at that moment to precipitate any precise code of law or behaviour. Paris was in a fever. Nobody was safe—ironic condition, while a "Committee of Public Safety" was hypothetically ruling affairs! "It was a committee of fanatics," says Mrs. Sichel, "each sincere according to his lights; as sincere, if not as deep, as our English Puritans."

But the Frenchmen lacked the God who alone makes fanaticism either logical or forcible; still more did they lack the control of temperament which gave the weight of morality to Cromwell's party, and even dignified regicide, although it was unable to exculpate it.

The arrest and imprisonment of Madame Lafayette, in 1794, makes sad enough reading. Her mother, grandmother, and sister were put to death by the guillotine; "in a quarter of an hour three generations had perished." We can but wonder at the mere physical strength of so delicately-nurtured a lady. Under it all she kept her indomitable courage amazingly, smiling when she must have been well-nigh broken-hearted, caring for others when life must have seemed blackest and most hopeless. When released the strain had been almost too great—"she felt as if she were dead; even the idea of rejoining her husband, still the one thought that kept her alive, seemed blurred and confused to her." To Lafayette's prison at Olmutz she made her weary way, and the meeting of the almost despairing man with the woman who loved him so truly was memorable:

One morning—it was the first of October—he was sitting in his cell, ill and half stupefied. To his surprise, at this unwonted hour, he heard the clanking of bolts; his door opened, and without a word of warning, as if they were spirits from a world of shadows, his wife and children entered. It must have taken hours to realise that they were not dreams—hours to regain speech. He was so changed by illness and starvation that Adrienne hardly recognised him. It was a whole day before he dared ask a question about his country. He knew that there had been a Terror, but he knew nothing more, and the names of the victims were a blank to him.

She obtained permission to join him in this filthy prison, and in a letter to her aunt we find another glimpse of her husband's stern, uncompromising character. "You will not be surprised," she writes, "to hear that he makes his friends swear not to plead for him on any occasion, except in a way that is compatible with his principles." Events were moving in his favour, however. In England Fox orated splendidly on behalf of "a noble character which will flourish in the annals of the world, and live in the veneration of posterity, when kings and the crowns they wear will be no more regarded than the dust to which they must return." So had Lafayette's fame spread. But it was Napoleon who finally liberated these two sufferers, and the picture of the curious, suspicious friendship between these two men, so entirely different in their dispositions, is capitally drawn in these pages. Lafayette at first was blind to Napoleon's faults, but at length he awoke to his hero's limitations. "He saw that what he had taken for virtue was success; what he had hailed as nobility was charm"—and yet he respected the iron-willed conqueror still. The rest of his story lies amid calmer scenes, and it is pleasant to think of the old man living on peacefully, reaping some little reward of rest and tran-

quillity after so many years of struggle, fruitless endeavour, and sorrow. Charles Fox wrote to him, and visited him in 1802 at his wife's estate at Lagrange; many other distinguished English politicians who crossed the Channel to observe for themselves the results of the Revolution—Lord Holland, Lauderdale, Erskine, Adair—spent much time with the retired general. In this "happy patriarchal existence" he survived his wife by many years; she died in 1807, but he lived on till 1834, and "the New World mourned him as well as the old—the men of the dying generation and the young spirits rising on the horizon."

In concluding, Mrs. Sichel gives a clever summary of Lafayette's character, which we cannot do more than mention admiringly. Her style is clear and capable; she quotes with good taste and circumspection when necessary many passages from historians and letter-writers that throw illumination on her subject; her sense of arrangement is excellent. In one instance she seems to us to make a slip; she remarks that "Lafayette had not the personal magnetism so essential to a leader of men; the inexplicable genius of personality which has given power to people of such varying ability." But did he not time after time, especially in his earlier years, prove that he was the possessor of this very charm, so elusive, yet so real? It appears to us that Lafayette was to more than an ordinary extent the victim of unfortunate circumstances; at the height of the Terror, when he might have accomplished something to make the world ring with his name, he was in prison and helpless. However that be, his fame is still secure, and we merely note the point as a suggestion worthy of consideration. Mrs. Sichel is to be congratulated on this third edition of her fine historical biography; it has given us great pleasure, and is sure to please a large circle of readers.

A QUESTION OF HEREDITY

The First Principles of Heredity. With 75 Illustrations and Diagrams. By S. HERBERT, M.D. (A. and C. Black. 5s. net.)

DR. HERBERT has written an admirable, and yet, withal, a very strange, work. For instance, he gives us a glossary at the conclusion of his book in which we find such words as "acquirement," "adventitious," "filial," "latent," "nucleus." Now it is perfectly certain that the reader who will need to be told the meaning of the word "acquirement" is never going to understand Dr. Herbert's exposition of Mendelian di-hybridism, even with the rather complicated elucidation of Punnett's squares. Or to put it again from another point of view: he calls his book the "First Principles of Heredity," and the assumption is, therefore, that it proposes to seek out the tyro so as to make rough paths plain for him. But we fear that by the time the tyro in question has reached the end of the first half of the section, entitled "Theories of Heredity," his mind will be in a most unhappy and unenviable state. Dr. Herbert would doubtless reply that the difficulty was native to the subject. But we beg emphatically to differ. The difficulty is rather native to the extraordinary love of the scientific mind for unwieldy and obscure technology. Take so simple an example as the following: Dr. Herbert is speaking of a hybrid showing characteristics intermediate between those of his parents. He says: "The two crossed varieties possess an equal number of determinants, which are all homologous, but heterodynamous." Suppose Dr. Herbert had said, "the two crossed varieties possess an equal number of determinants, which have all the same nature, but exert different tendencies of that nature!" His meaning would have been more pellucid, and incidentally he would have made English of it. Whatever differences of speech arose on that unhappy day at the Tower of Babel, we are sure that no difference could have been more complete than that at present prevailing between the English of literature and the jargon of so-called science. We are not appealing for the would-be simplicity of a

certain highway pundit of the present day, a simplicity that the more confounds the matter in hand. We are asking for an intelligent but wholesome English, such as, for instance, Huxley used.

Having entered this caution for the beginner, we should go on to say what a pity it is, for we know no other book on the subject so comprehensive as this book of Dr. Herbert's. We know of no treatise, simple or erudite, that permits opposing theories to merit equal exposition—or, rather, to be more accurate, theories that, in the present state of knowledge, appear to oppose one another, such as, for instance, Mendelism, on the one hand, and Ancestral Inheritance on the other. A general handbook on the subject was much needed, and Dr. Herbert's volume has come forward to fill the gap. That he should have confused the intention of his work with obscure and abstruse technology is therefore the more to be regretted.

With a book of this nature its scheme is half the battle; indeed, with most books the scheme is half the battle. And in this difficult branch of the art of making a book Dr. Herbert has been triumphantly successful. Beginning at the initial question of the affinity of Reproduction and Regeneration, he then treats of the nature and function of germ-cells, passes to various Theories of Heredity, which leads naturally to the question of the Inheritance of Acquired Characters and Disease and an exposition of Mendelism, handles the abstract question of Biometrics, and closes on the note of environment in contradistinction to Heredity. This is an orderly, logical, and complete scheme. It passes in a single wave from start to finish, and thus leaves a coherent effect on the mind of the reader.

Moreover, Dr. Herbert is content to sink himself, which is a very serviceable virtue in an expositor. By hints he drops out in the course of his book we make the shrewd guess that he is a Eugenist, having for intellectual genealogy Weismann, Galton, and Karl Pearson, which would account for the disparity of treatment he gives to the question of Biometrics, and for the fact that he merely gives a careful exposition of the very important findings of Mendelism without seeking to digest those findings with his general scheme of Heredity. Further, he hardly treats of the important question of the direct influence of an environment on an organism, adapting it to itself in contravention of the whole influence of its heredity. He does, indeed, mention Professor Nageli's experiments with Alpine plants, but this is only in passing. In fact, this whole question deserves more treatment than it usually receives. For it seems that an organism has a strange power of response to its environment, a new environment making the adaptations in it necessary to its survival, destruction only operating if the environment in question be wholly removed from that to which the organism has hitherto been accustomed. This is a setting aside of the power of Heredity indeed, and calls for recognition.

The science of Heredity is a new one. Moreover, it is rising to importance when idealism is raising its head again in philosophy. Its development will be, therefore, one of extreme interest. Perhaps it will learn to avoid that preoccupation with merely intellectual processes that is bringing, if, indeed, it has not always brought, science into such deserved disrepute. Eugenism, for instance, is already failing in this important matter. To hear the average Eugenist argue, it would seem that such specimens of bodily ill-health as Nelson or Carlyle were not worth the propagating. Dr. Herbert's book shows this tendency. Man is indeed an animal; but his possession of mind brings a complexity into the question that makes it impossible to make rules apply to him that have been induced from an innumerable array of examples culled from plants and animals. The question of heredity, if it is at all to be of value in the discussion of sociological perplexities, must make more room for emotional and intellectual problems. Hitherto it has avoided them—presumably, because of obvious difficulty—and Dr. Herbert's book bears the imprint of this lamentable deficiency. But to say that such an avoidance is to make the science incomplete, is to

state the least of the difficulty. It is to make the science fail just where it becomes a matter of importance in human affairs. As the matter at present stands, the science of Heredity is only an abstract interest in the formulating of academic rules (as science too frequently is content to be), or is of practical interest in horticulture or animal breeding. It cannot be too strongly enforced that the sociological interest is mainly a matter of mental predominance, if not, indeed, of aesthetic importance. But in the domain of mind it is too demonstrably obvious that there are elusive factors that defy generalisation, and snap the fingers of defiance in the face of complete knowledge. Of this domain, Dr. Herbert's book does not treat, for it has not yet been properly attacked. The illustrations to this volume are most interesting, being taken largely from such authorities as Weismann, Geddes, and Thomson, Galton, Punnett, and Pearson. The get-up is simple and dignified. It is not an easy book to master, but it is well worth mastering.

WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE LOW

Ghostly Phenomena. By ELLIOT O'DONNELL. (T. Werner Laurie. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. O'DONNELL has already given us many blood-curdling stories of apparitions in haunted houses in town and country in three previous works, and in the volume before us he continues to pile on the agony with some uncanny experiences of his own, which he guarantees as authentic. He appears to have been seeing phantasms "betwixt the dark and light" for the best part of his life, the first he recalls appearing to him when he was about five years old. He had been put to bed early, as all little boys should be, and his nurse carefully shut the door of the room when she left him. As he lay awake thinking of his toy soldiers, he suddenly noticed that the closed door was slowly opening.

Thinking this was very curious, but without the slightest suspicion of ghosts, I sat up in the bed and watched. The door continued to open, and at last I caught sight of something so extraordinary that my guilty conscience at once associated it with the devil, with regard to whom I distinctly recollect to have spoken that afternoon in a sceptical, and I frankly admit, very disrespectful manner. But far from feeling the proximity of that heat which all those who profess authority on Satanic matters ascribe to Satan, I felt decidedly cold—so cold, indeed, that my hands grew numb and my teeth chattered. At first I only saw two light, glittering eyes that fixed themselves on me with an expression of diabolical glee, but I was soon able to perceive that they were set in a huge, flat face, covered with fulsome-looking yellow spots about the size of a three-penny bit. I do not remember noticing any of the other features, save the mouth, which was large and gaping. The body to which the head was attached was quite nude, and covered all over with spots similar to those on the face. I cannot recall any arms, though I have vivid recollections of two thick and, to all appearances, jointless legs, by the use of which it left the doorway, and, gliding noiselessly over the carpet. . . . fixed its malevolent eyes on me with a penetrating stare. . . . It did not seem to me to be composed of ordinary flesh and blood, but rather of some luminous matter that resembled the light emanating from a glow-worm.

It eventually disappeared through the wall opposite the bedstead. The next day this precocious little boy of five made a sketch of the apparition for the benefit of his relatives, who, of course, told him he had been dreaming. A couple of weeks after he was laid up with a painful disease. Later in life, at different periods, Mr. O'Donnell saw two similar apparitions. One he describes as—

the tall, nude, yellow figure of some thing utterly indefinable. It seemed to me to be wholly composed of some vibrating, luminous matter. Its head was large and round, its eyes light green, oblique and full of intense hatred.

Such phantasms our author styles Morbas—they must, of course, have a name of sort—and others he terms Vagrarians, which “are probably the most terrifying of all apparitions.” The first of this order he encountered was when he was exploring an old barn in the twilight, and the tall, luminous something, with white, rectangular head, long, glittering, evil eyes, and spidery arms gave him a rare fright. His adventure with the bog-oak chest in a peculiarly gloomy chamber of a Dublin boarding-house is particularly gruesome, though no harm appears to have come of it. On one occasion at least Mr. O’Donnell heard his family Banshee, and that same night a near relative of his died. The following describes a Family Elemental, which also appeared to our author with dire results:—

The incident took place one morning at about four o’clock. My attention being drawn to a bright object in one corner of my room, I sat up in bed and looked at it, when to my horror I saw a spherical mass of vibrating yellow-green light suddenly materialise into the round head of something half human, half animal, and wholly evil! The face was longer than that of a human being, whilst the upper part, which was correspondingly wide, gradually narrowed till it terminated in a very pronounced and prominent chin. The head was covered with a mass of tow-coloured, matted hair; the face was entirely clean-shaven. The thin lips, which were wreathed in a wicked leer, displayed very long, pointed teeth. But it was the eyes, which were fixed on mine with a steady stare, that arrested and riveted my attention. In hue they were of a light green, in expression they were hellish, for no other word can so adequately express the unfathomable intensity of their diabolical glee, and, as I gazed at them in helpless fascination, my blood froze.

“O, day and night, but this is wondrous strange!” It is the first time we ever heard of a ghost having a shave, though for all we know the ghosts of Mr. Sweeney Todd’s many victims may still be haunting some ancient barber’s chair in Fleet Street.

The above extracts, with all their wealth of description, must suffice to show the kind of apparitions Mr. O’Donnell is accustomed to see. We do not envy him his experience, which we should say is unique of its kind, and which he appears to accept as a mere matter of course. Horrible as his ghosts undoubtedly are, so far as one may judge by his descriptions, we cannot say we find them very convincing, though he apparently believes in them implicitly. But then he is gifted with the romantic imagination of the Irishman, while we are not. He reminds us of Little Orphant Annie, who scared the children sitting around the kitchen fire with tales of—

“The gobble-uns ‘at gits you
Ef yer don’t watch out!”

And his present volume will give a creepy-crawly feeling to many a grown-up who reads it in a room full of shadows, “when the lights are low.”

A NOTABLE ANTHOLOGY

The Temple of Beauty: An Anthology. By ALFRED NOYES.
(Andrew Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE compilation of anthologies has of late years almost taken a place among the arts; but there be many, we imagine, busily engaged in ransacking the literature of what worlds they know, in order to assemble a collection of quotations radiating from or to some special centre of thought, who forget that the anthologist should be one who gathers flowers. *Anthos*, a flower; *legein*, to gather—so say our worthy etymologists, keeping sternly to the point; but too many of us fight shy of derivations nowadays, and rest content to use our words in happy ignorance of their true significance.

It is a charming idea, that of selecting blossoms of prose or poetry, choosing one here—as it might be a lily—for its subtle fragrance; another there—as a rose—

for its rich, sensuous loveliness; a third—as a wild violet—for the sake of its pale, exquisite modesty; a fourth—as a rare orchid—because of some uncanny, almost inexplicable fascination of shape or hue. The parallelism may be carried farther, for, exactly as one with untutored hands and unsympathetic soul will try in vain to set a bunch of blooms so that they who see shall be moved by its colour, radiance, and form, while another with magic tenderness of touch will arrange each flower, neither stiffly nor carelessly, so that the onlooker can but be thrilled, so may the anthologist ruin his posies or render them a delight to the eye and a solace to the heart. He works in delicate material, and may easily suffer a slip. In the curious compilations of our youthful days—generally rejoicing in the title of “Friendship’s Garland,” or something akin—no extravagant equipment of taste and skill was betrayed; but we have long ago passed that period, thanks to the watchers on Olympus. Our anthologies are often, as with this latest gathering which Mr. Alfred Noyes puts before us, a veritable “Temple of Beauty,” and Mr. Noyes proves himself once more the true poet by this little book. For, though not any of his own poetical work appears here, only the true poet can gather the finest flowers of poesy, and we have rarely seen a more excellent fashioning in a sphere where good taste and an acute sense of values are so indisputably needed than his volume displays. He contributes a masterly essay by way of preface, and sets forth his plan concisely. “We are here more concerned with the positive values of art itself, and the way in which great poetry, as an art, brings us into communion with the Eternal Harmonies. . . . The poet begins from the centre of things, while the philosopher works from the outer circumference along his particular radius towards the centre where all philosophies and sciences will one day meet. . . . Briefly, the world appears to the poet, in his inspired moments, at any rate, as something like a vast piece of music, wherein each note has its use and is necessary to all the others; and wherein even the discords have a value in some resultant harmony, and are introduced, let us say, as Beethoven will deliberately introduce them for a similar purpose in his most perfect work.” We may carry on the metaphor, and say that in this collection we have almost a parallel to one of Bach’s incomparable fugues. Ever and anon the theme seems lost, but the listener knows, and, if he be qualified to listen well, can hear it all the time—here echoing in the treble, there hinting and murmuring through a chromatic torrent of notes, again resounding from the vibrant thunders of the pedal-pipes. The music was written—but the skilled player brings it forth.

We are tempted to quote largely from this engrossing preface, but we must not; we can only say that any reader with poetry in his soul will turn to it repeatedly and appreciatively. As to the poems themselves, Mr. Noyes has divided them into nine groups, each bearing its suggestive title: “The Sweet o’ the Year,” “A Little Philosophy,” “Stepping Westward,” are three of them. We are more than pleased to see Francis Thompson so well represented, and to find that permission has been given for “The Hound of Heaven” to be reprinted; this alone will send many readers to the book. That the best-known names of our literature are here hardly needs to be said, but the art of choice selection has enhanced their value. We wish Matthew Arnold’s “Thyrsis” had been included—it would not have clashed, we think, with Mr. Noyes’s scheme; but we have “The Scholar Gipsy.” It is a surprise to find in Book VII., “The Book of Memory,” Longfellow’s “My Lost Youth”—well worthy of a place; and that a cosmopolitan taste has been exercised we see by the inclusion of Mr. Edmund Gosse’s sonnet entitled “Labour and Love.” Into more detailed analysis we have not space to enter; enough to note that the little volume bids fair to become a friend. This is perhaps as high praise as could be given, for a “friendly” book—one which we take with us, the silent companion of the hour that might otherwise be lonely—is the best gift an author (or a sympathetic anthologist) can possibly give to those unknown friends—his readers.

SOME POCKET COMPANIONS

The Oxford "Moment" Series:—*Moments with Matthew Arnold*. Tennyson's "In Memoriam." (Henry Frowde. 1s. net per volume.)

The Red Letter Library:—*Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*. *Essays of Sir William Temple*. *Plays by R. B. Sheridan*. (Blackie and Son. 1s. 6d. net per volume.)

The Popular Library of Art:—*William Blake*. *Hogarth*. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. net per volume.)

Collection Nelson:—*Les Français de mon Temps*. By the VICOMTE D'AVENEL. *Les Roquevillard*. By HENRY BORDEAUX. (Nelson, Paris. 1 fr. 25 c. net.)

OUR forbears of a century or two ago, accustomed to the large, unwieldy folios and quartos of their day, would view with astonishment, and probably envy, the small and handsomely got-up pocket editions of one's favourite authors obtainable in the above-mentioned series. They are one and all deserving of unstinted praise in regard to selection, paper, typography, illustration, and binding, and especially the moderate prices at which they are obtainable. The daintiest and tiniest is undoubtedly the

OXFORD "MOMENT" SERIES,

published by Mr. Henry Frowde, any volume of which may be comfortably carried in a waistcoat pocket. The series already comprises eighteen volumes, embodying a most varied selection. The last two issued are Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and "Moments with Matthew Arnold," containing the cream of that poet's verse. Each volume is embellished with an exquisitely coloured portrait of the author as frontispiece, and is obtainable in four different styles of binding, with pictorial end papers illustrative of the contents.

THE RED LETTER LIBRARY,

already well known to most book-lovers, embraces typical and representative works in prose and verse of the greatest of our writers. The little books are neat, compact, clearly printed, and handsomely bound in either cloth or limp leather (2s. 6d. net). The last three volumes to hand are "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," translated by George Long, with an extremely interesting introduction by Mr. W. L. Courtney, some helpful notes, and a glossary; "Essays of Sir William Temple," selected by Mr. J. A. Nicklin, who also supplies a short introduction; and "Plays by Richard Brinsley Sheridan," for which Mr. R. Brimley Johnson has penned some prefatory remarks. The plays given are "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal," and "The Critic." The volumes contain portrait frontispieces and designed title-pages.

THE POPULAR LIBRARY OF ART

records the lives and the works of famous artists. Each volume runs to some 200 pages and contains from forty to fifty illustrations, the frontispiece being in colour. Recent issues are "Hogarth," by Mr. Edward Garnett, and "William Blake," by Mr. G. K. Chesterton. The illustrations are admirably chosen, and the names of the authors are a guarantee that the letterpress is instructive and entertaining reading. In each case they have provided a critical essay which will be welcomed by every lover of art.

COLLECTION NELSON.

This is comparatively a new departure—re-issues of standard French authors in the original by an English firm established in Paris. On this side of the Channel the works issued by the Messrs. Nelson are deservedly popular, and we make no doubt but that this new series will meet with equal favour in France, and, indeed, wherever French is read. The volumes, which are under the general editorship of Mr. Charles Sarolea, director of the French section at the University of Edinburgh, are also obtainable in this country at the price of one shilling,

and in Germany at that of one mark. Two volumes, containing from 250 to 500 pages, with a frontispiece, are issued simultaneously each month, and, being strongly bound in cloth, are not likely easily to fall to pieces like the usual French paper-covered books. Amongst the earlier volumes we were glad to renew our acquaintance with that highly amusing story, "Mon Oncle et mon Curé," by Jean de la Brète, whom we very much suspect to be a member of the fair sex, of which 160 editions have been sold in a few years. The two latest volumes—"Les Français de mon Temps," by Vicomte d'Avenel, with portrait of the author and an introduction by Mr. Sarolea, and "Les Roquevillard," by Henry Bordeaux, a very powerful story, with an introduction by M. Firmin Roz—maintain the excellence of the series, which is both well selected and produced.

Any one of these booklets, which can so easily and unostentatiously be stowed away in a pocket without making its presence uncomfortably felt, will prove an agreeable travelling companion, and will even help the busiest of us to while away pleasantly an occasional enforced idle hour.

FICITION

Vic Victa. By ALFRED E. CAREY. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

After a course of ordinary novels the work of Mr. Carey is distinctly refreshing, for his method of writing is easy without being careless, vivid without seeming forced; not only that, but he has, in addition, a good story to tell. "Vic," his heroine, is quite irresistible; every reader who is at all impressionable will fall in love with her. She is full of irresponsible chatter, and she romps through the pages as gaily as a high-spirited child; but she has the warmest of hearts, and her way with the opposite sex makes the reader wish that he could have met her in real life, so laughing a maid was she. "For Vic," says the author, "any porter would have carried hand-bags all day long, without the prospect of a tip; for her any taxi-driver would have cut corners and shaved past other roadsters with the air of a master." She is the adopted daughter of Colonel Graham, otherwise "Uncle Fritz," and she leads that seasoned old warrior wheresoever she desires. He is one of the best characters in the book, and has a pretty wit; occasionally his maxims contain pearls of wisdom. "Give every man and woman ten per cent. more to do than they can possibly get through," he remarks, "and the world would be a happy place."

To expose the plot in a brief review would hardly be fair; we may say, however, that it does not lack adventure. Vic's early days were spent in India, and the machinations of a couple of Mahrattas, who, for the sake of her father, wish to take her back to India as their queen, form a part of the more exciting side of the story. The end is tragedy, unfortunately, and it is so realistically told that we cannot help thinking that Vic's history is not altogether fictitious. The whole effect, however, is by no means sad; the author's manner is full of humour and liveliness, and his views on things in general—and London in particular—contain much that is worthy of remembrance. "It is strange," he says, in an aside, "how dreary the habitations of man may be made by a little careful planning. The artist shudders at stark roads, laid out with parallel ruler and compass, at houses in rows like soldiers on parade." Many other good sayings are to be found, and we may conclude by observing that the reader who sits up late to finish "Vic Victa" will be paying a thoroughly well deserved compliment to the writer of this excellent story.

The Rest Cure. By W. B. MAXWELL. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

EVERY novelist is a psychologist nowadays; the clash of mind with mind, or the influence of mind upon mind, forms the basis of nine-tenths of our modern highly strung love-

stories. Not many writers, however, are as successful as is Mr. Maxwell in delineating his characters. In this latest novel from his pen we have perhaps as cleverly contrived a situation as he has ever given us—the antagonism between a man whose ideal is work, work directed to one end, and a woman whose ideal is love. Barnard, who is rapidly rising in the financial world, and means to rise to the top, marries Lady Edith Rathkeale in a severe attack of love-sickness; she, consenting, sees in his tenderness the promise of a lifetime's happy comradeship. He is never rough with her, nor is he ever unkind or thoughtless, but he simply does not understand her, and is content in a placid, unemotional way with the comforts of home which he samples between the rushes of business. His wife gradually breaks down; but by far the more serious collapse comes to Barnard himself, and a third of the book is taken up by the story of this failure of nerve and the effort to cure that strong, overstrained brain. We must say that here the interest flags considerably, in spite of the long and well-written conversations; the end is in view all the time, and the reader grows restless.

On the whole, however, the situation is splendidly handled, and the gradual drifting apart of husband and wife is portrayed very finely. To make both of them seek consolation elsewhere was, we think, inartistic, and a concession to the methods of the *feuilleton* which the author should have resisted; the red-haired typist and secretary with whom Barnard has an "affair" is far too melodramatic to be convincing, and the scene between her and Lady Edith carries little conviction. Barnard is capital; with his colossal conceit of himself—"Leave J. B. to his unfettered discretion"—"I, John Barnard"—he reminds us of the great Joe Bagstock. The ending is sad, but true to life, and in the general scheme of his story Mr. Maxwell proves himself a psychologist of no mean order.

Babes in the Wood. By B. M. CROKER. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

It seems a little unfair, perhaps, to say that Mr. Kipling has spoiled us for this sort of story, but the fact remains that after his tales of the Indian "stations," the "Babes," a company of varied description who inhabit the jungletown of Chandi, are but slightly entertaining. To make this comparison is not to reproach Mrs. Croker or to accuse her of poor writing; the account of the hero's introduction to the life of India is excellently done, and the plot is quite good. Philip Trafford, coming out from the old country as Assistant Conservator of Forests, a greenhorn but no fool, finds life varied enough for the most cosmopolitan taste when once he is settled among the residents of Chandi. Mrs. Heron—who is another Mrs. Hawksbee—dresses for him, and makes eyes at him, and becomes his enemy in the usual way when she finds that her advances are repulsed; and we have also the doctor, Scruby, of the P.W.D.—an irrepressible fellow—Maguire, his chief, and several others whose characters are capitally delineated.

The real excitement begins with the appearance on the scene of Trafford's beautiful sister; she is sent out from England (where she was in danger of totally eclipsing her juvenile mother, whose youth was retained at the expense of sincerity), and she creates a sensation in the lonely places of the earth, as may be imagined. Her adventures, and those of her would-be lovers, are well told, and in some ways she is the most convincing figure in the book. If Mrs. Croker would refrain from an irritatingly free use of the exclamation stop, her pages would read with greater smoothness, and would also give more pleasure to the eye.

THE THEATRE

"ECCENTRIC LORD COMBERDENE."

THE stage is always the better for a Carton play. Dramatists may come and dramatists may go, but almost with the regularity of clockwork, and with everything of a clock's neat precision and clean-cut rhythm, Mr. Carton goes on for ever. From time to time the stage, like everything else, becomes infected with some new-fangled disease. It is attacked by Ibsenism, a malady the hushed and awed display of which spells ruin and leads to utter boredom. It suffers from a virulent attack of photographic realism and hospital dissection which drives all sane people to pleasanter forms of amusement. It becomes giddy and bewildered and riotous in the hands of Mr. Bernard Shaw, the effect of which invariably sends satiated and nauseated people to music-halls. It gasps under the spasmodic attacks of Barkerism, which, when examined, is discovered to be merely Shaviansm and sal volatile, which harries intelligent creatures to the skating-rink; but when Mr. Carton writes a play the stage recovers and becomes normal, delightful, and very pleasant.

Unlike nearly all our established dramatists, Mr. Carton is strong enough and individual enough to resist the infection of the moment. Germs of Shavianism, Barkerism, and Galsworthytis, all the children of the old germ of Ibsenism, never find a place in his brain. He catches no "new" cry. The temptation to imitate does not affect him. Among dramatists he stands delightfully alone, almost the one strong man among mimics, and he gives to the stage, as he has always given to it, work that is witty, charming, neatly cut, delicately handled, with the flavour and sparkle of ripe Veuve Clicquot. To "Sunlight and Shadow," "Liberty Hall," "Lord and Lady Algy," "Wheels within Wheels," "Lady Huntsworth's Experiment," "Mr. Hopkinson," "Public Opinion," and "Lorimer Sabiston, Dramatist," he has just added the new play produced last Saturday at the St. James's Theatre, called "Eccentric Lord Comberdene." This also is pure Carton, bubbling, high-spirited, witty Carton, as characteristic and original as all his other plays, and just as worthy of public support. This time he has turned his kindly satirical pen loose upon the Max Pemberton—William Le Queux-Phillips-Oppenheim balderdash, and while holding it up to ridicule has provided the stage with a play which should render winter fogs harmless to depress, and the dishonesty of professional politics less irritating and horrible. We prescribe an evening with "Eccentric Lord Comberdene" to all who stand in need of a tonic, of mental refreshment and of an intellectual fillip. At the St. James's they will find a purely imaginary world peopled with the amazing creatures who are palmed off upon an easy-going public by popular novelists as human beings. They will find themselves moving among Russian Princes, a Grand Duchess masquerading as the maid of the Marchioness of Glenmoray, a party of forgers and burglars, a ship's crew made up of filibusters, led by a captain of the Hook type. They will find, too, to their immense delight, the typical Bow Bells Novelette peer, who, without any warning and on the least excuse, will dash off a cheque running into five figures. The story, of which there is a great deal, does not matter in the least. It is as involved and almost as impossible as the least mechanical of any of the stories of Mr. Max Pemberton. The dialogue, the satire, the delicious sense of fun, are the things that matter, and of these Mr. Carton has been prodigal. If Mr. Max Pemberton sees the play—and we strongly advise him not to do so—he will return home to turn over a new leaf, and write simple stories of everyday things, to the intense chagrin of that large class of persons whose drab lives demand romance, however far-fetched. The whole thing is an excellent *jeu d'esprit*, excellently carried out, and almost as excellently played. Mr. Gerald Du Maurier would have brought a greater sense of caricature to the leading part than Mr. George Alexander is able to invest it with. For all that,

Mr. Alexander does well, and will do better. Of the other members of a large company, Mr. J. H. Barnes, as Captain Clamp, Mr. Ashton Pearse as the Rev. Alwyn Pilbrow, and Mr. Arthur Royston as Prince Melikoff, are quite admirable. The Marchioness of Glenmoray in the hands of Miss Compton becomes a peculiarly attractive figure, dry, slow, cool, good-hearted, and almost human. It is to be hoped that those people, forming nine-tenths of the population, who feed on novelettes in covers and in the magazines, will not resent the ridicule which Mr. Carton pours upon their favourite reading. If they do, it is to be feared that the life of "Eccentric Lord Comberdene" will not be a long one. If they do not, then the magazines will be obliged to raise their tone, and Messrs. Pemberton, Le Queux, Oppenheim, and the rest must make up their minds to write ten thousand instead of sixty thousand words a day.

OTHER RECENTLY PRODUCED PLAYS.

Of "Inconstant George," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, "Company for George," at the Kingsway Theatre, "Vice-Versâ," at the Comedy Theatre, "Count Hannibal," at the New Theatre, "A Single Man," at the Playhouse, and "Just to Get Married," at the Little Theatre, only the two last-named need be criticised at any length, and will be dealt with next week. When it is said that "Inconstant George" is an American adaptation of a French play, and that it is played by Mr. Charles Hawtrey in pyjamas, there seems to be nothing to add. Oddly enough, however, it is necessary in fairness to say that the American adapter has performed her work extremely well, and that Mr. Hawtrey is immensely amusing. These two facts have done nothing to make the piece a success. Its success is owing wholly to the fact that the entire play is tintured with that cunning suggestiveness which appeals to the greater number of English playgoers. These people, who would derive no amusement at the sight of a rather tubby man getting in and out of bed in everyday life, scream with joy at the same sight when it is seen from the seat of a theatre. It is curious and unexplainable. It has always been, and will continue to be, the case. In France the bed is almost the main piece of furniture on the stage. But for the Censor it would play precisely the same important part on the English stage. Even with the Censor it finds its way, in a self-conscious, half-timid manner, in our plays fairly frequently. There will be no more talk of a National Theatre if the censorship is abolished. The stage will become as much an institution in England as it is in France, and the bed will be always with us. For our part, we would rather have the Censor and half-filled theatres than no Censor and beds. In this American-French farce Mr. Aubrey Smith, as a Frenchman, is enough to make cricketers who know their France ill with laughter. Mr. Hawtrey, in and out of pyjamas, remains Mr. Hawtrey, and therein lies his attraction.

"Company for George" is a careful imitation of the kind of farce of which we hear our fathers speak. It is mechanical, and its great effects are gained by people sitting on other people's hats. It is wholly innocuous and mildly funny, and, apart from the fact that mothers, however bored, may take young children to see it, it serves no purpose. That many mothers use it for this estimable purpose is proved from the fact that it is doing well, although the Kingsway Theatre is at the back of beyond. "Vice-Versâ" is still more old-fashioned and mechanical, though written by a much cleverer pen. It cannot compare with "The Man from Blankney's" or "The Brass Bottle." It is, however, quite good fun. A useful holiday play, quite well done. A play for uncles.

No one who is not in the pink of condition should go within several streets of the New Theatre. In "Count Hannibal" Mr. Oscar Asche does not roar like a sucking dove, but like the bull of Bashan itself. Nerves splinter under his Homeric shouts. He is Pelion combined with Ossa. He sends one away from his performance under

the impression that one has spent an evening under a railway arch over which an endless series of goods trains have shunted. The mere recollection of Count Hannibal brings shudders. It is a penance. Not only does Mr. Asche shout monstrously, every member of his company emulates his example. It is therefore a robust play for farmers and policemen, railway servants and the deaf. It is a Lewis Waller play done through the megaphone. People fight, and weep, and laugh, and stamp, and slap, and run at top speed, and fall heavily. It is a Lilliputian play in the hands of Gargantuan actors. It is an ordeal, an experience, a railway smash, a bad dream, an adventure. Mr. Asche has become an actor who should appear only in pageants. It would be agreeable to listen to him five hundred yards away. Miss Lily Brayton has not improved in Australia, which is unfortunately tantamount to saying that Miss Brayton fails as an actress. She is hard, metallic, unimaginative, and without humour. She is, also, almost as noisy as Mr. Asche.

MUSIC

BEFORE we touch upon what has happened in the London world of music, let us look forward to something of great interest which is, in all probability, going to happen. Mr. Beecham will shortly be able to present us with "Salomé," the long-desired. A revised version, it is true, but still "Salomé." Richard Strauss having given permission for the expurgators to begin work with their blue pencils, the Lord Chamberlain has indicated the changes to which the libretto must submit before he can license the opera. All quotations from or allusions to the text of Scripture are, of course, to vanish, their place being taken by words of general import. Passages, and in some cases single words, which are deemed too unblushingly sensuous, will go too, and Salomé must deliver her great invocation without the Baptist's head on the stage. She is, we understand, to retain her name, and so is Herod, but some other name, of similar accent and scansion, must be found for John, or as it is in the score, "Jokanaan." The task of finding harmless words to replace all the peccant passages and fitting them to the music is already, at the time we write, in the hands of a very competent craftsman, so that there does not seem much reason to doubt that the work, in some shape or other, will actually be heard in London very soon. We shall at any rate hear the music, if we must be content with something a good deal less than the original translation of Wilde's poem. For a brief space English hypocrisy and prejudice will be well ridiculed by Continental musicians, and we shall no doubt hear a good deal at home about "cant." But Dr. Johnson's maxim, "Clear your mind of cant," is seldom more needed or more salutary when it is recommended to the attention of persons who love to bring a charge of canting against those who disagree with their views.

Last week saw two experiments tried of a novel kind; novel, at least, as far as the works chosen for operation were concerned. A great part of Wagner's "Parsifal" was played and sung in Queen's Hall, which was darkened for the occasion. The audience therefore had to listen to the music not only without the illuminating assistance of action and scenery, but without even the meagre consolation of being able to follow the printed libretto while the music proceeded. The performance, by the Queen's Hall choristers and orchestra, under Mr. Franco Leon, seemed to give satisfaction to many people, and it is to be repeated. We need not dwell upon it, and will only say that the music was well done. The other experiment took place at the Savoy Theatre, where Miss Marie Brema caused the greater part of Handel's cantata, "L'Allegro," to be sung, while the *personæ* of Milton's poem, Mirth, Melancholy, the Nun, "Laughter holding both his sides," and troops of merry dancers, passed and repassed, in dumb show, upon a stage decorated to represent a pastoral scene. A very pretty entertainment Miss Brema made of

it all, and she deserves credit, not only for its conception, but for its harmonious execution. English dancing is not, as yet, advanced much further than the stage of amateur accomplishment, and there was a good deal of sameness about the steps and movements. Nor were the dancers invariably graceful. But they did very fairly well, and must not be too severely criticised. The soloists were supposed to be hidden from sight in a side box, but they were in full view of one portion of the house. Miss Brema is understood to aim at great perfection of detail, so this is worth mentioning, and she might perhaps point out to her scene-painter that the tall ox-eye daisy does not grow upon the very roots of any tree, still less under the shade of what seemed to be Scotch firs! It was very pleasant to us to hear the fine old Handelian airs and recitatives melodiously given by Miss Evangeline Florence and Messrs. Spencer Thomas and Francis Braun, to the accompaniment of an excellent band under Mr. Frank Bridge's direction, and would have been pleasant even if the pretty masque on the stage had not lent its aid to enjoyment. But we fear that for the majority the masque was the best part of the entertainment, and any kind of music would have suited them as well. Too many of our superior amateurs of to-day resemble Squire Western, who, we remember, "might have passed for a connoisseur, for he always excepted against Mr. Handel's finest compositions." Once too much idolised, Handel is now very generally "excepted against." We are all the more indebted, therefore, to Miss Brema for defying the "connoisseurs." Edward Fitzgerald would have been pleased by her pleasure in Handel. "I delight," said he, "in the fine, pompous, joyous choruses of 'L'Allegro'; Handel certainly does what Bacon desires in his essay on *Masques*, 'Let the songs be loud and cheerful, not puling.'"

Some very good piano-playing and singing has been heard during the week. Mme. Ida Raman and Miss Elena Gerhardt understand the art of singing German *lieder* as well as most people. The first lady has quite a special charm. She seems so thoroughly to enjoy the beautiful music she is singing. It is as if she felt no anxiety as to the impression to be made upon her audience. She is completely confident in the power of the music to win its way to all hearts. Her art is full of subtleties, she is thoroughly accomplished, but you guess that she is very far from thinking what it is that the audience are going to say about herself: it is what they have to say about the music that she cares for. Miss Gerhardt is a more powerful singer, and in some ways she is, no doubt, more highly accomplished. She is a masterful interpreter when she has such things as "Ich grolle nicht," Brahms' "Zigeunerlieder," Wolf's "Weyla's Gesang," etc., to interpret. She summonses the audience to surrender to her strength, and it does surrender. But she can charm also. In Schumann's "Mondnacht" she was very perfect in her command of sustained tone, and in some beautiful songs by Weingartner and Liszt her variety of expression was very great. Dramatic as she is, however, she does not always convey the impression that she is herself profoundly moved by her music. At Aeolian Hall, on Saturday, Miss Maggie Teyte sang a dozen modern French songs with remarkable skill and effect. She was quite safe in confining herself (with one exception) to songs which are well known to all who take an interest in songs, for she need not fear comparison with the best French singers. Her one exception was Debussy's "Ballade des Femmes de Paris," an amazingly truthful setting of Villon's confident catalogue. She did nothing better than "La Chevelure," from the "Bilitis" set, which one never hears without wondering if M. Bruneau's prophecy will come true, that in the time to come musicians will set prose rather than poetry. Her accompaniments, her difficult accompaniments, were very well played by Mr. Sydney Stoeger, as Miss Gerhardt's had been by Mlle. Paula Hegner. But how long will singers be content to return to the platform, alone, to receive the applause, when the songs they have been singing have depended for their effect quite as much on the art of the pianist as on their

own vocal efforts? Surely these singers should have led their pianists back with them! Mr. Plunket Greene used often to drag Mr. Liddle back, but he is the only artist we can call to mind who had the fairness to do such a thing. The two fine piano-players were Señor Vianna da Motta and Mr. Harold Bauer. The Spaniard would have pleased us more if he had not played Busoni's arrangement of Bach's Organ Toccata in C. We can hear that splendid piece finely played on a hundred organs if we wish to hear it, a piece for which the biggest piano-forte is hopelessly inadequate. But it is no use protesting. Pianists will play these tiresome transcriptions. How much wiser was Mr. Bauer when he chose the Toccata in D written for the harpsichord, and quite legitimately transferred to the pianoforte. But Señor da Motta is a pianist of the first rank in all respects. His playing is grave, dignified, highly intellectual. It was rarely instructive to note his noble playing of César Franck's *Prelude Aria*, and *Finale*. Its difficulties vanished under Señor da Motta's hands, and its majesty, its romance, its high-bred fantasy were all that appeared.

Finely as Mr. Bauer always plays, we thought we had never heard him more absolutely at his finest than on Saturday last. He may be forgiven his arrangements of two of César Franck's beautiful organ pieces, the *Pastorale*, and the *Prélude, Fugue, and Variation*, for they are not as yet in every organist's repertoire, as they ought to be. He played Schumann's "Kreisleriana" with more animation than is given to those charming pieces by the followers of Mme. Schumann, and they were none the worse for it. In Liszt's Sonata in B minor he was quite magnificently alive—exuberantly so, indeed. We were rebuked as we left Bechstein Hall by an eminent student of things musical for enjoying Liszt's splendours. Our friend would have us ostracise Liszt, and hear always the sonatas of Brahms. We were reminded again of Edward Fitzgerald, and his "I will worship Walter Scott, though Carlyle says I ought not, and sent me an ugly autotype of John Knox which I was to worship instead!"

A GLIMPSE OF MALTA

The darkness was broken of a sudden by stray flashes of light; silence gave way before the clanging of church bells, shrill cries, and the plashing of oars at the ship's side. A babel of confused sounds, and, above all, the whistle's scream of warning. I had been dreaming. Now was my dream disturbed, or merely continued? From the portholes of my cabin, through the grey mists of early morning, I caught my first glimpse of the ancient, Homeric Island of Malta.

2 a.m. and all the Island awake, ready for its prayers, and prey—eager and strenuous. I tumbled into my bunk again, and the dream went on. There was time yet.

At 7 a.m. the scene remained, only the square white buildings, the green-shuttered houses, and stone terraces shone out clearly now behind the sombre Mediterranean battleships drawn up in a majestic row along the harbour side. Tiny, gaily painted boats plied busily to and fro from shore to vessel, from vessel to shore. Breakfast was a matter of detail. We also were eager now.

Inspired by a restless desire to explore, to absorb, and to learn, we curtly denied the beauty and desirability of those articles proffered for our acceptance by wily Maltese lace and shawl vendors. We jumped into one of the waiting boats and made for the Island consecrated to the memory of St. Paul, captured in turn by the Carthaginians, Vandals, Goths, Saracens, and Normans; treacherously seized by Napoleon, and finally taken over by the English one hundred and ten years ago! Surely, if those ancient walls could speak what a history of bloodshed and plunder they could unfold. A wonderful place is Malta. English-speaking, for the most part, accepting, rather, desiring, English rule, yet priest-ridden still, and still maintaining

its spirit of aloofness, its atmosphere of barbaric time and serfdom.

In the church of St. John are masterpieces of decoration. One is struck by a sense of grandeur and true nobility of conception in these works of art that mere magnificence cannot compel. Here we find colour, richness, beauty, deep, satisfying, and awesome; here is a total lack of all that tawdry ornamentation often seen in similar edifices. In the first chapel to the right we noticed a particularly fine altar-piece by Caravaggio, the Beheading of St. John, a favourite subject of all artists. Further on are other works in statuary, carving, and mosaic. The silver chapel, with its silver gates, and the sunlight streaming on to its crimson-hung walls, makes a picture of itself that we carry in our mind to brighten many a gloomy day, and we are reminded how the great tyrant tried in vain to spoil its beauty, but was outwitted by the priests, who painted over as much of the silver as time would permit, so that Napoleon passed it scornfully by as wrought iron! We are glad that this chapel at least was saved from the despoiler's hands. An altar edge of lapis-lazuli next attracts our attention, and the throne chair of our late King. But we may not linger here as we would, as we might with profit, for we have much to do yet, and the hour is passing. We must visit the Palace of the Governor, the Floriana Convent, the New Market, the Catacombs, and the Chapel of Bones.

The Chapel of Bones is a curious sight, a place we would choose to see by daylight and in the company of our friends. It is decorated with the bones of those soldiers who fell during the fierce struggle against the Turks in the fifteenth century, and is, according to our guide, supposed to be the unaided work of one man, a fact we are unable to give as authentic. It was, however, probably undertaken at the instigation of one person. The bones were dug up by order of the Church, and arranged, as we see them now, in many a strange device, entirely covering the interior from end to end. Surrounding the walls and roof of the building we recognised flowers of conventional design, Maltese crosses, and scrolls made of the finer ligaments of the dead bodies, all in a perfect state of preservation.

A most interesting man was our guide, with, we suspect, the business instinct keenly developed. Long association with relic hunters and Americans had taught him wisdom profound. We were informed, with a duly confidential air, that the amount he received for attendance in this chapel was an honorarium of £10 a year! For this magnificent sum—not including, we suggest, any little gifts that came his way through the generosity of the aforementioned relic hunters—he was supposed to show the chapel to some hundreds of visitors daily. Much wisdom, it is said, maketh some men mad, but we cannot but allow some method in the madness, and exaggeration, of our worthy guide, and for his warmly expressed desire to visit our "grand country" (of his adoption), which poverty alone prevented him from seeing, and for his winning personality and smile, we forgave him much.

Shopping in Valetta—with that same necessary adjunct to which our priestly guide so delicately alluded—is a fascinating and profitable business. The Strada Reale, or main street, is the rendezvous of curio-snatchers, and is, in itself, worthy of our attention and admiration, with its high, cramped houses—much too high they seem for the narrow streets—and its very Italian-looking shops, with its strange covered conveyances of stranger name, and mixed crowd of Europeans and dark-skinned natives. We were particularly struck with the head-dress of the women; a black, cowl-like bonnet, partially covering the face and shoulders, and gathered into a hard, flat band at one side. It is well known that this head-dress was first adopted by order of the Knights of Malta as a mark of shame, after the behaviour of the women of Malta during the great siege of 1565. The wearing of the head-dress is not now enforced, and in a few years this distinctive feature of the island will in all probability be lacking. Be that as it may, we fancy there will ever remain over

the town a charm that even the most case-hardened globe explorer will allow. We leave it with regret, with a lingering sense of pleasure, and it remains in our mind as a pleasant dream. Yet, curiously enough, it is a dream from which we know no desire to be awakened. A place to visit in a night and a day, a vision of all ages; and thus it fades from our sight, but from our memory never.

Malta, October 30.

S. E.

"BOOK-LEAVES AND BOOK-LOVERS"

THE true book-lover has a strange objection to reading the portentous classics in small or cheap editions. With a curious and quite irresponsible choice he elects to distinguish what books may be read in homelier volumes and what books may not. Shakespeare, for instance, has a certain intimacy, a certain familiarity if you will, that permits of a "pocket edition" without loss of real value. He has his charm in folios, but it is quite distinct from the other charm he has in the pert volume that slips blithely into the pocket. No one who has had a folio Shakespeare spread out over the knee, with vast, smoothed-out pages, or set out on a table, supported by its prostrate fellows, can ever forget the grave old charm of such familiar lines as these from the First Folio:—

Who would these Fardles bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered Country, from whose Borne
No Traveller returns, Puzels the will,
And makes us rather bear those illes we have,
Then fire to others that we know not of.

Nevertheless, it is quite reconcilable with modern print, modern punctuation, and modern binding. Ben Jonson now! This is a matter of a wholly different complexion! They remind one inevitably of the description of the two in the Mermaid Tavern, Jonson like a great Spanish galleon, Shakespeare like a trim English craft, tacking twice in the other's turn. Precisely! And it is just for this reason that Shakespeare makes himself at home in the pocket edition, while Jonson demands the folio.

Yet it is no use grumbling, for the pocket edition of "rare Ben" has come, and it proposes to stay. Some of us have been looking long for a Ben Jonson to place on our shelves—a complete Ben Jonson. We have had to wait. The Oxford University Press have promised us one for long; but it has not come. Now Messrs. Dent have provided it for us in the last addition to their "Everyman's Library," at a shilling a volume. To say that it has his plays complete in two volumes is to speak its highest praise and to pronounce its severest condemnation. It is virtuously cheap; but its print is trying, to say the least. Which is the more lamentable, for it might easily have been avoided. Not that the print need have been larger; but it might well have been daintier and lighter, less weighty for its size. This would have been an immense relief to the eye.

It is permissible to scrutinise a favour, lest pleasure too much overcome us. Professor Schelling's introduction is nothing very out of the way, for instance. He gives us an admirable summary of Ben's life and work; but it is no more than a summary. Here was a rare opportunity to give an illuminating criticism, which might well have been done along with the biography. For such journeyman work it was scarcely necessary to go all the way to America. Nevertheless, we have now the complete plays of Ben Jonson, and it is not meet that we grumble.

With Ben Jonson Messrs. Dent have given us other treasures. For example, there are two volumes of "Minor Elizabethan Drama." That is to say, we have, among others, the irresponsible "Ralph Roister Doister," the quaint "Endimion," the anything-you-please "Old Wives' Tale," to say nothing of the thumping, stumping "Gordobuc," the powerful "Arden of

Faversham," and the bloodthirsty "Spanish Tragedy." In this case the introduction is well done, and was worth going to America for. (By the way, what has England done to be avoided in this way?) With these four volumes Messrs. Dent have put themselves in debt to us for three more. One is Ben Jonson's Poems and Prose, the other two will contain some of the leading plays of Shakespeare's later contemporaries.

In fact, the last fifty that have lately been added to the Everyman's Library eclipse all their predecessors. For example, we have now Matthew Arnold's "Study of Celtic Literature." Matthew Arnold was nearly as uncertain a critic as he was a poet. Most critical "systems" are erected by the process of elimination of all that the particular critic happens to dislike. Arnold's certainly was. The school of poetical criticism that starts off by stumbling at Shelley—he who, even more than archaic Spenser, is the poet's poet—is in a fair way to discredit itself all round. Nevertheless, it is as a critic Arnold will mainly survive. In that capacity he is invaluable, if one only remembers the golden rule that his yeas are generally yeas, but his nays seldom nays. And after his "Essays in Criticism," the book-lover will not need to be told of the high value of his "Celtic Literature."

Accompanying Arnold is Hazlitt's "Spirit of the Age" and "Lectures on English Poets" in one volume. This is, however, no new thing in cheap volumes, as it has long been accessible at the price. The same can be said of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia." Not so the two volumes of Plato, which are most admirably introduced by Professor Lindsay, whose name stands guarantee for good work. We have already had the "Republic," now we receive two volumes of selected dialogues. The first centres round his ideas of poetry and poetic inspiration, and contains the choice "Symposium," and the no less subtle "Ion." The second centres round Socrates, and is rather misleading in its attribution to Plato, since a good half of it is taken up with Xenophon's "Memorabilia" and "Banquet." Not that these are not worth having!

It would be grossly unfair to omit mention of Mr. Eugene Mason's translations of "Aucassin and Nicolette" and other romances of mediæval times. Not the least charming section of Everyman's Library are the blue-bound romances. And to say that this volume is worthy of ranking with the others is to give no small praise, for this excellent reason, that they are a rich joy to read, a culture to learn by, and not procurable elsewhere at anything like the same money.

Everyman's Library has become a family institution; which is a good thing for a reason other than the mere cheapness and excellence of its volumes. For it has proved that what has stood in the way of success in publishing is timidity. If ten years ago anyone had taken round the proposal of so colossal an idea as an immensely profitable commercial scheme, he would have been smiled out of the various offices as a benignant madman. And yet here it is before us, the most profitable thing in the publishing world at the moment! The moral is plain. What Messrs. Dent have done with the ancients, why cannot some publisher do with the moderns—not the moderns that totter on their thrones, but the young coming men? Enterprise then would prove no less successful than enterprise has proved successful with Everyman's Library. To be fearful is always to fail. But the question needs to be asked, for if Messrs. Dent have launched boldly into the deeps with "Everyman," their lists show an astonishing timidity in the adventure for new names and new works.

NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

During last week Mr. John Lane brought out two books, one of delight and charm, the other of interest and educational value. The first of these is entitled "October Vagabonds," by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, and is an account of the long tramp of a poet and a painter from the country to the metropolis. The other is a series of discussions on French Socialism, Labour, and aesthetic philosophy. The book bears the title "The Real France," and contrasts the ideas and tendencies of modern Eng-

land and France. Messrs. Hatchette announce a new Primer of French Literature compiled on totally new lines, by Professor Gerothwohl, Litt.D., who has been assisted by Mr. J. W. Eaton, of Trinity College, Dublin. Special attention has been paid to the sixteenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth century literature. It is to be confidently expected that in the near future *Punch* will devote several more columns to the roasting of "Pacificus," whose *Times* articles, which have aroused so much speculation, are to be brought out in book form by Mr. Murray under the title of "Federalism and Home Rule." He is also bringing out a collection of Mr. Haldane's lectures at Aberystwyth and Edinburgh. The work will be called "Universities and National Life." Messrs. A. and C. Black are about to issue "A Short History of the Church of England," by the Rev. J. F. Kendall; "A Book of Porcelain," by Mr. William Gibb, to which Mr. Bernard Rackham contributes the letterpress; a new book on Australia, in the "Beautiful Books" series, written by Mr. Frank Fox and illustrated by Mr. P. F. S. Spence, an Australian artist; and to the series entitled "Peoples of Many Lands" they are making three additions—Egypt, painted by Mr. Lance Thackeray, Holland by Mr. Nico Jungman, and India by Mr. Mortimer Menpes. The Earl of Ilchester has edited a further volume of the "Journal of Elizabeth, Lady Holland," which Messrs. Longmans have just brought out. From Mr. Henry Frowde are shortly to come "The Oxford Book of Ballads," by Sir A. Quiller-Couch, and a new anthology entitled "The Englishman in Greece," by Mr. H. S. Milford, to which Sir Rennell Rodd contributes an introduction. One of the most important publications of the winter season is the collected edition of the works of the late William Morris. The edition is only to the extent of one thousand and fifty copies, and will be in twenty-four volumes, at the price of twelve guineas net for the set. They will appear in six quarterly instalments of four volumes each, and the whole work is under the editorship of Miss May Morris. Messrs. Longmans are the publishers. Great minds we are told, think alike. As a case in point, there is shortly to appear, in addition to the "Real France" mentioned above, a book by Mr. W. L. George entitled "France in the Twentieth Century," to be published by Mr. Alston Rivers. Like the other work, it presents a picture of the social and political conditions existing in that country. Further questions of politics are also being dealt with by Messrs. Atton and Holland's "The King's Customs," published by Mr. Murray, and Mr. T. J. Lawrence's "Principles of International Law"—a fourth edition, developed and emended—published by Messrs. Macmillan. From the same firm there is also to be brought out a work on English drama by Dr. F. H. Ristine, entitled "English Tragi-Comedy: Its Origin and History." Dr. Ross, of Liverpool University, has just completed a work entitled "Induced Cell-Reproduction and Cancer." Dr. Ross has been working on this subject for many years, and is a well-known expert. The book is to be brought out by Mr. Murray. Mr. Robert Scott makes an interesting addition to the world of readers in the form of two new series of anthologies in prose and verse. The titles of the series are "The Gem Booklets" and "The Gem Library." They are to be under the editorship of Mr. Oliphant Smeaton. Cambridge University has made a bold move and taken over the control and copyright of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and are bringing out the new eleventh edition at the end of the year. Although this column is ostensibly for the purpose of noticing books, yet we think that it will not be taken amiss if we mention the first number of a new French paper entitled *Journal Français*—a new venture on the part of the Société Nationale des Professeurs de Français en Angleterre. It will appear every fortnight, except during the holidays, and in form is a highly elevated example of the daily press in France. It is intended for young students of the French language, and we wish it the success it undoubtedly deserves, judging from its first number.

OUR LETTER FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR.—Favoured as we were during the first days of the week with a spurt in gilt-edged stocks, the improvement was not lasting, as markets are less satisfactory.

In one of my first letters to you, Sir, I was in a position to give you facts and figures why the shares of the General Omnibus Company should be bought. Since then they have risen some twenty-five points, and I trust some of your readers made use of the information then given.

From what I now know, the shares are still likely to appreciate in value. The report may be out any day now, and it will not require very attentive reading to gather that the Ordinary stock should stand nearer 80 than 60.

With regard to the Preference shares of the L.G.O., I do not see much more than a possible £1 rise in them.

The fresh outbreak of trouble in South Wales was a disturbing factor to Home Railways. The declines were not important, however, and an exception was to be noted in Chathams and Districts, which both rose a point, and the buying was from a sound quarter. National of Mexico issues were strongly to the front at the beginning of the week, but the outburst of revolution in Mexico interfered with the rise. I hear from an important quarter of other, and, maybe, more serious trouble ahead; and it is quite on the cards that there will be an outbreak of hostilities between America and Mexico. It has been smouldering for some considerable time. The Yankees may find it easier to get into Mexico City than it would be to get out. I do not fancy that we are too pleased with the American almighty dollars which have been subscribed for party purposes against our Constitution, so it is not to be supposed that the Mexicans care for any interference from the same quarter.

The Rubber market shows signs of renewed activity. There was a meeting during the week of the shareholders of the Zongo Company, and it was proposed and agreed to purchase another property. That the Zongo Company will turn out a good investment I feel confident, and the shareholders have the satisfaction of having a board of directors upon whom they may thoroughly rely. There was an interesting dinner given last Tuesday by the directors of the David Young Rubber Estates Company, Limited, to hear the report from one who had recently returned from British Guiana. If his sanguine views are realised, and there is every reason to think they will be, the David Young Company should be a great success. I have always believed that the day would come when we should see some of our West Indian possessions prove their merit and the Rubber industry is not the only one.

Cinematograph shows are all doing well, and, from what I hear, are likely to continue in public favour. They certainly supply healthy amusement for the people at a very moderate charge; and on Sundays they are a perfect God-send to those who otherwise could find nowhere to go for innocent amusement, and also instructive at the same time. I hear that Brentford is the next place to have a show; and, as it is being engineered by the same people who so successfully floated the one in the Tottenham Court Road, it should be an equal success, and earn at least 30 to 40 per cent.

In the Diamond market my previous selection of Robert Victor's was a feature, and they have risen over £1 a share since I called attention to them. I am informed that these shares are likely to further advance. The Carmen Mines of El Oro remain firm, and Gwalia Props are considered a good buy. Hudson Bays lost a point on profit-taking, but they should easily recover this.

I remain greatly in favour of Rhodesians, and feel most confident that we shall soon see an active market in this section. Rhodesia will not only prove a gold-bearing country, but I am assured she will make a name in agriculture as a producer of cotton and tobacco. Rose of Sharon shares are in favour.

Americans have not been a good market, and had a sagging appearance; but, as I have previously stated, they should be bought on any flat market.

The shares of the Bullfinch Proprietary have been very active. This is quite a new Westralian goldfield, and I hear others are to follow. The Westralian market has long been neglected, but that she possesses some valuable gold mines has been proved beyond doubt, and there is no reason why others should not follow.

The speech of Lord Harris at the Consolidated Goldfields meeting had no effect upon the Kaffir market, except perhaps to develop a little "bear" selling; but what he had to say about West Africa was quite hopeful, and he stated that if mining conditions could equal those on the Rand, he saw no reason why some of the mines on the Tarkwa Reef should not equal those of South Africa.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

FINANCIAL OBSERVER.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE SCIENCE OF POETRY."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—As I have been studying with genuine enjoyment Mr. Hudson Maxim's new book, "The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language," and have noticed most eulogistic critiques upon it in several periodicals, I regard with considerable surprise a review included in your columns. Being myself a practised journalist who has reviewed many hundreds of

books, I well know that every author must naturally expect to be treated to a great variety of critical expressions. But, seeing that the *Times*, immediately on the appearance of the book, welcomed it in a high encomium, your contributor's description is calculated to perplex any reader who happens to come across the two notices. If the *Times* gives a just account, it follows of necessity that THE ACADEMY has flung out a grossly unfair delineation; or, if the sketch in THE ACADEMY is merited, there is no escape from the conclusion that the writer in the *Times* shows himself to be incompetent to furnish a reliable literary gauge. How, Sir, are we to solve such a problem as is constituted by this glaring discrepancy in literary criticism?

At the same time, allow me to point out that your reviewer entirely abnegates one of his most essential functions, which is simply to supply to your readers something like an idea of the contents as well as style of the volume. This he makes not the slightest attempt to do. As a substitute he deliberately sets himself the invidious task of selecting lines and paragraphs in order to hold them up as targets for his sporting shots. In no case does he indicate the context or allude to the purpose which the author had in view. Had he done so, the reader would have been enlightened, instead of being treated to silly ridicule. But your critic seems to have worked hard in the process of omission. He carefully avoids quoting any of the exceedingly beautiful portions of the volume which I perceive several other reviewers point out with admiration. They may well do so, for the samples which they extract vividly illustrate Mr. Maxim's capacity to express himself on the one hand in terms of exact logic, and on the other hand in the purest phraseology combined with glowing diction.

Furthermore, your contributor gives no reader of THE ACADEMY any opportunity of apprehending that the work in question relates not only to poetry, but to the whole range of human language. It splendidly corresponds to its double appellation, and it is a most original and perfectly unique treatise on the whole philosophy of philology. I am not aware that any book at all resembling this volume has ever been issued in any country. It opens up several new vistas of thought, and I am not surprised to see in the various organs of the Press which reach me, both American and English, that some able reviewers award the author abundant credit for the acute and erudite dissertations and disquisitions on language of which large sections consist. I am impressed with the conviction that to large classes of students in colleges and universities the work will be invaluable on account of its masterly analysis of the fundamental principles of composition and rhetoric. The chapter on "The Evolution of Analogical Speech" is a magnificent monograph, sufficient of itself to establish a reputation had it been published by itself in tractate form.

Allow me, Sir, to voice an earnest protest against the intolerable flippancy with which some so-called critics tear to tatters the most carefully compiled literary productions. I have never read a more serious and thoughtful manual of the essential principles of both prose and poetical composition than the volume which is so ruthlessly mauled in your columns. As a vivid and pleasing contrast, allow me to mention the enthusiastic eulogy in a leading New York paper from the pen of Mr. Edwin Markham on this same work. As Mr. Markham is by many competent judges esteemed the foremost living American poet, and as he is week by week entrusted by two important organs with the task of reviewing numbers of new books, his opinion is eagerly looked for, and in this case it consists of unstinted laudation. Thick, therefore, is the London fog created by the singular performance of your critic. I fail altogether to see my way to his meaning, and, indeed, I beg leave to express a doubt as to whether any meaning whatever attaches to his diatribe.

WILLIAM DURBAN.

New York.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Will you, in the spirit of fair play, permit me to make some reply to a review that appeared in your issue of October 29, concerning "The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language," by Hudson Maxim?

Your contributor sneers at Mr. Maxim for comparing Shakespeare with Spencer. "As well," he says, "might we compare a landscape-gardener with an engineer." Precisely. And is there any reason why we may not with propriety compare the achievements of the two? I take it that, in the opinion of your reviewer, Herbert Spencer is represented here by the engineer, while the landscape-gardener occupies the place of the dramatist. From his own analogy, then, I respectfully submit that he establishes Mr. Maxim's contention as to the greater value of the work achieved by Spencer. Nature—praise be!—has given so much of beauty to the world that we could, at a pinch, do very well indeed without the multitudinous alterations in her work offered by the landscape-gardener. For that matter, in

much journeying to and fro, I have been tempted to believe that in the aggregate man's manipulation of scenic effects has worked more ill than well. Be that as it may. Let us admit, for the sake of the argument, that the landscape-gardener has added enormously to the sum total of loveliness on earth. The fact remains that the work of the engineer, and it alone, has saved the race from the stagnation of primitive savagery. The truth here is so undeniable to a reasoning mind that I forbear any offer of evidence. Even the poet has to thank the engineer for that measure of publicity which he now enjoys through the distribution of his work. The poet to-day is free to sing to all men, if he have the song worth their hearing, where of old a huddle of hearers was his whole audience. The original wings of Pegasus were well enough for the flight of Olympus. The engineer has given to that admirable steed other pinions, whereby to fly from the divine mountain to the uttermost ends of the earth Mr. Maxim should be grateful to your reviewer for offering an excellent illustration in support of the argument in the book.

Your contributor openly sneers at the author's efforts of a poetical sort. As to these, the eternal variant of personal taste permits disagreement. But your critic's most offensive suggestion, aent the exemplifications included by Mr. Maxim among the great lines at the close of the volume, loses its vicious point wholly in view of the facts.

Despite Mr. Maxim's assertion that he is not a poet, but only a scientific investigator, who has written certain illustrations of principles rationalistically established, his original contributions as they appear in these pages are worthy of careful consideration. I have been in a company where was present much of literary culture. Among the members of the group were not only Americans, who are not, of course, to be deemed scholarly, but, too, gentlemen of literary standing abroad, both Englishmen and Scotchmen. Many of the great lines from the book were read aloud, without the names of the authors. Doubtless, the bones of Milton clashed wrathfully, and those of Shakespeare as well, and eke those of many another among the mighty: for, with a single exception, the men of letters attributed Mr. Maxim's lines to the immortals. That solitary exception was in the case of a gentleman of memory, who had previous knowledge of the authorship. One English author of chief repute, whom even your critic would not dare deride, has written in highest praise of a poem by Mr. Maxim included in the volume, and he declares that its closing line is one of the strongest in our language. Let such testimony stand against the reviewer's sneer.

I have been moved to protest against your review because it is deliberately unjust. We might leave apart all consideration of Mr. Maxim's poetry, and have still the entire purpose of the work to weigh. Your reviewer has said essentially nothing as to the nature of the scientific treatise. Yet, that is the book. Mr. Maxim's poetry is incidental, despite its excellence in the estimation of critics perhaps as competent as your contributor. A lifetime of preparation went to the making of the volume; ten years of unremitting research, to the actual writing; finally, there has been the guiding power of a mind trained especially to habits of analysis and of exact reasoning. With all modesty, I may say that I have studied the art of literature widely, in English, and in the chief languages other than English, both the dead and the living. It may be that I have read as many books dealing with literary art as has your reviewer. And I unhesitatingly assert that this present volume contains the body of a new science. The premises have been established with painstaking care, with acute intelligence; the logic built on them is irrefutable; the conclusions are of vital importance. I doubt not that on the foundations herein laid the wise of tomorrow will build nobly.

Had your reviewer written in criticism of the book, I had not thought of protest. But I find myself exasperated by splenetic ranting in lieu of scholarly examination. I wonder, does he, in his classical profundity, know the original line that has some comment on the pen dipped in gall!—I have the honour to remain, Sir, yours very respectfully,

MARVIN DANA.
452, Fifth Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.,

November 11.

[Our reviewer will reply to these letters next week.—Ed.]

"GERMANY AS SHE IS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

DEAR SIR,—I am afraid my first article went to press with rather a glaring misprint. The reader must have misread my handwriting, for on page 463 of the issue of THE ACADEMY for November 12, twenty-one is printed instead of fifty-one. Anybody who read the article, however, would realise that it was a misprint by reason of the fifty-one which follows, so perhaps it does not matter so much.

S. A. B.
Munich, November 18.

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